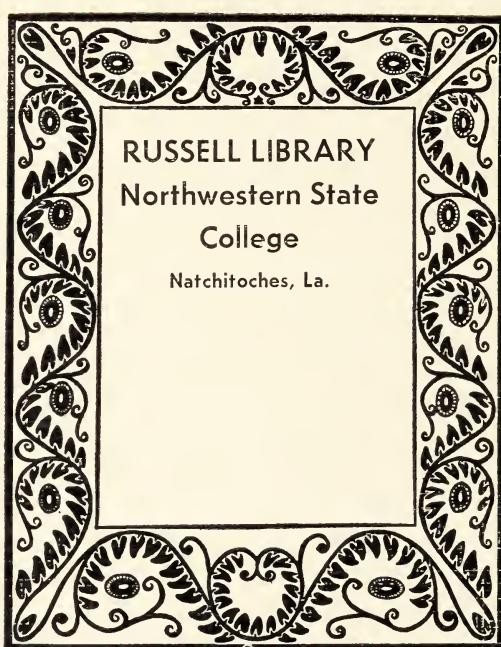


LH
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P676
1909

RÖTPOURRÉ
09.



LOUISIANA COLLECTION

LH

1

L8

P626

1909

RARE

A faint, light gray watermark of classical architectural elements, specifically four fluted Corinthian columns supporting a entablature and pediment, is visible in the background.

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THIS
THE FIRST VOLUME
OF THE
POTPOURRI

IS DEDICATED TO
THE FACULTY
OF THE
NORMAL SCHOOL,
OUR FRIENDS.





LH
18
P676
1909







BOARD OF EDITORS.

Cora Carr	Editor-in-Chief.
Lawrence Stevens	Business Manager.
Lottie V. Dixon	Assistant Manager.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Bessie Baumann	First Assistant.
Daisy Ratcliff	Second Assistant.
Gretchen Hull	Literary Editor.
Marion List	" "
Agnes Field	" "
Florence Sellers	Art
Clarissa Smith	"
Alma Sharp	Humor.
Barbara Porter	"
Maude Holston	"
Louise Morse	Associations.
Leven Mc Cook	"
May Bowden	"
Theodore Hanchey	Boy's Athletics.
Mary Morgan	Girl's Athletics.
Gratia Smith	" "
Lacey Windsor	Alumni Editor.



1. Cora Carr, Editor in Chief.
2. Lawrence Stevens, Business Mgr.
3. Bessie Bauman, Assist. Editor.
4. Louise Moise, Association Editor.
5. Florence Sellers, Art Editor.
6. Mary Morgan, Girl's Athletic Editor.
7. Gretchen Hull, Literary Editor.
8. Alma Sharp, Humor Editor.



CALENDAR 1909.

May 28th, Friday, at 5 P. M. Dormitories Open.

May 29th, Saturday Entrance Examinations.

May 31st, Monday Summer Term Begins.

August 28th, Saturday Summer Term Ends.

August 28th, — September 27th, Fall Vacation.

September 25th, Friday at 5 P. M. Dormitories Open.

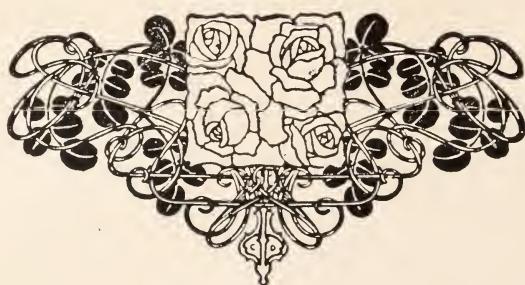
September 26th, Saturday Entrance Examinations.

September 28th, Monday, Session 1909-1910 Begins.



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J. B. AS WELL,
President of the Louisiana Normal School.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

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Term Expires July 1st, 1914

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Term Expires July 1st, 1912.

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Term Expires July 1st, 1914

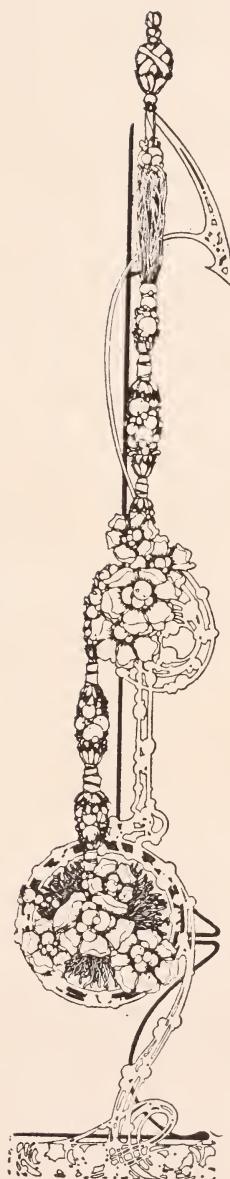
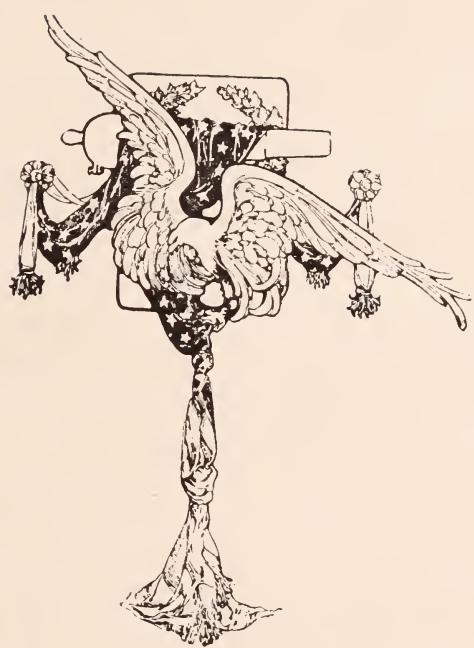
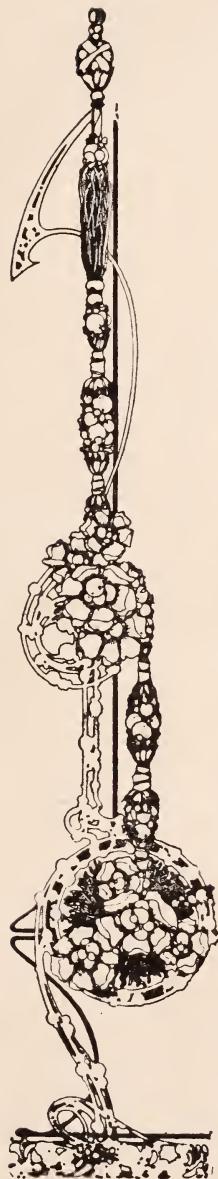
OFFICERS OF THE BOARD.

Gov J. Y. SANDERS, *President* Baton Rouge

HON. G. W. JACK, *Vice-President* Shreveport

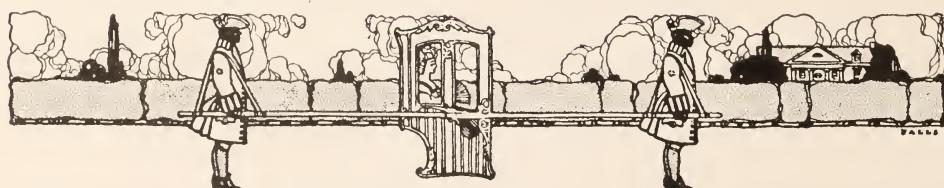
MR. EDWARD PHILLIPS, *Treasurer* Natchitoches

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J. B. Aswell.....	President.
J. W. Heckert.....	Training Teacher, Pedagogy.
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Lizzie Carter McVoy.....	English.
Lillian M. Knott.....	Singing.
R. W. Winstead.....	Latin.
Julia M. Rocheford.....	Algebra, Geometry.
Roberta Newell	Arithmetic.
Mary E. Swift.....	Drawing, Manual Training.
W. F. Coolidge.....	Physical Education, History.
John Corbly South.....	English History, Latin.
Dean Varnado.....	English Teacher.
Paulin Alfonte	Violin.
Pearl C. Loeffler.....	Piano.
Jessie Harper Kyle.....	Piano.
May Phillips.....	Art Assistant.
Bessie Russel.....	Critic Teacher.
Isabel Williamson.....	Critic Teacher.
Heneretta Lewis.....	Critic Teacher.
Laura Tanzin.....	Critic Teacher.
Edna Levy.....	Critic Teacher.
Augusta Nelken.....	Critic Teacher.
J. E. Guardia.....	Critic Teacher.
Jessie Bowden.....	Critic Teacher.
Dean Varnado.....	Critic Teacher.





In Memory
of
Our Beloved School-mate
BLANCHE HOLLAND.

In Memory
of
Our Beloved School-mate
DORIS LEDBETTER.

State Normal School

The Normal School was established by Act of the General Assembly of Louisiana July 7, 1884. The State Board of Education located the school at Natchitoches, and the buildings and grounds of the Convent of the Sacred Heart were bought by the Parish of Natchitoches and given to the school.

The Act of Establishment declares that the school shall be maintained "for the benefit of such white persons of either sex as may desire and intend to teach in the public schools of Louisiana."

The Normal School is maintained by the State to train teachers for the public schools.

The necessary equipment of the successful teacher includes wholesome personality, sound scholarship and technical skill. The first of these cannot be furnished by any school, it comes by inheritance and early environment; but it is the function of the Normal School to enlarge and strengthen it, and to add to it the qualifications of liberal learning and teaching power.

The course of training is planned with these ends in view. The first two and a half years of the course aim at thoroughness in mastery of the subjects of the public-school course, while the last year and a half are given chiefly to the study of teaching and to practice work in the Model School.

The conditions maintained at the Normal School give an environment that tends steadily to develop character and capacity for work. The course of study, the professional training, the companionship of hundreds of young men and women engaged in a common life-work, the intimate contact with many strong teachers, and the lectures and addresses given by scholarly men from all parts of the country, help to establish high ideals of service. The stimulating influence of the literary societies, the opportunity to hear really good music and to see some good pictures and statuary, and the use of the library, with its thousands of books and fresh periodical literature, help to refine the taste, quicken the appreciation and strengthen the love of learning.

The well-organized practice school, the new manual training rooms, the laboratories and library, the ventilating system in the academic building, the baths and screens in the dormitories, the beautiful grounds, with forest, lake, and swimming pool, all for \$3 a week, guarantee a delightful experience to those who come to take advantage of the excellent courses offered.

THE BOARDING CLUB.

Six buildings are used as dormitories for young women. Young men board in private families in town.

The board club accommodates five hundred young women. The bedrooms are furnished with single beds, mattresses, chairs, tables, dressers, wardrobes, wash-stands, steam heat, and electric lights.



ELLIE

ALUMNI.

The Louisiana State Normal School Alumni Association was first organized on July 21, 1894, at Ruston during the session of the Chautauqua of that year. The organization was discussed at the Commencement at the Normal just previous. A special committee appointed at the Commencement conference on May 30, 1894, presented a Constitution for the Association, which was adopted. (It does not appear from any record who was on this Committee). Col. Thos. D. Boyd, then President of the Normal School, presided at the organization meeting on July 21, 1895, and Prof. R. L. Himes assisted in the organization. The officers elected were: Miss Bessie V. Russell, President; J. E. Readhimer, Secretary; Miss Mollie Kearney, Treasurer. Regular meetings have been held every Commencement since organization, except possibly 1896, for which no records are preserved. Perhaps the meeting was not held by reason of the late Commencement made necessary on account of suspension of the school for five weeks in the spring caused by small pox outbreak in Natchitoches. In addition to the regular meetings, special reunions have been held annually at the time of the teacher's convention every year since 1890. These reunions have been the means of bringing together larger numbers of the graduates than have attended the annual meetings in Natchitoches, and afford great pleasure to the Normalities present.

No particular line of work was undertaken by the Association until 1897 when the Alumni Scholarship was established. The first student selected to fill the scholarship was Miss Annie G. Greene, of Tangipahoa. In 1900 the Association named the scholarship in honor and memory of Prof. Aloy L. Smith, for years the training teacher of the Normal School. Those who have held the scholarship since Miss Greene, are: Miss May Lee, East Baton Rouge; Miss Bertha Medlock, Webster; Miss Olive Mather, St. Tammany; Miss Lena Smyth, Avoyelles; Miss Marie Himel, Iberville; and Miss Ora Baldridge, Avoyelles. By means of the Aloy L. Smith Scholarship a real work is being accomplished at very small expense to the members of the Association. In 1901, a small surplus having accumulated in the Treasury, it was decided to loan this surplus to students of the Normal in the upper classes to enable them to complete the course without the necessity of stopping to earn money to remain in school. While this fund is small at present, a great benefit has been derived from it, and it is doubtful if any work could be undertaken that would do as much good with a small fund. The student loan fund is in operation in many of the leading colleges and universities of the country, and is often largely supported by the Alumni Associations. In the short time that the loan fund has been in use, loans have been made to 27 students, 20 of whom have graduated at the Normal, and 2 of them are now

serving as Parish Superintendents. The loans have all been repaid, and in most instances without delay. The interest rate is nominal, 4 per cent. per annum. This help to worthy students is greatly appreciated, and enables the student to complete his course of study and know that he is paying his own way.

At the regular meeting in 1907 a proposition was considered to arrange for a general educational rally at the Normal School in 1910 to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the establishment of the Normal School. A committee from the Association presented the matter to the Board of Administrators and that body cordially approved the suggestion. As nothing definite has been done towards this meeting, it might be well to leave the date open for 1911, which will witness the close of 25 years work of the Normal.

Including the class of January, 1909, 982 persons have been graduated from the Louisiana State Normal School. All but about half a dozen have taught in the public schools of the State; some having taught more than 20 years. It is safe to say that the average number of years taught by the Normal graduates is at least three, making the total of three thousand years of teaching for one person. In addition to the work of the Normal graduate as a teacher, she stands always for improved school conditions. In the great advance in school work in general in Louisiana, no influence has contributed more than has the Normal School and its graduates. The science of good schools being the real mission of the Normal, this influence will be felt always.

Officers of the Alumni Association.

*	President.	Secretary.	Treasurer.
1894	Miss Bessie Russell..	J. E. Readhimer.....	Miss Mollie Kearney.
1895	Miss Emmie Macurdo	Miss Rosa Colvin.....	Miss Mollie Kearney.
1896	No records.		
1897	G. W. Jack.....	Miss Sallie Freeman.....	Miss Laura Tauzin.
1898	C. M. Cunnningham.....	Miss Fannie Nelken.....	Miss Bessie Russell.
1899	Miss Bessie V. Russell ..	Miss Scharlie Russell....	J. L. Westbrook.
1900	Miss Henrietta Lewis.....		J. L. Westbrook.*
1901	J. L. Westbrook.....		George Wallace.
1902	Miss May Lee.....		J. L. Westbrook.
1903	Miss Jessie E. Bowden		J. L. Westbrook.
1904	Miss Gussie Nelken.....		J. L. Westbrook.
1905	Robert J. Phillips.....		J. L. Westbrook.
1906	Mrs. Alice Martin Wallace		J. L. Westbrook.
1907	A. C. Bernard.....		J. L. Westbrook.
1908	Mrs. Josephine Lobdell Berwick.....		J. L. Westbrook.

*Office of Secretary and Treasurer united in 1900.

*Year of election.





"AERONANTS."

Maude Swords President.

ROLL.

de Bretton, Mary Melanson, Yolande

Chaney, Ruby Miller, Shadie

Collier, Allene Mosely, Ruth

Dezendorf, Hattie Prosser, Lee

Fargeson, Ella Swords, Maude

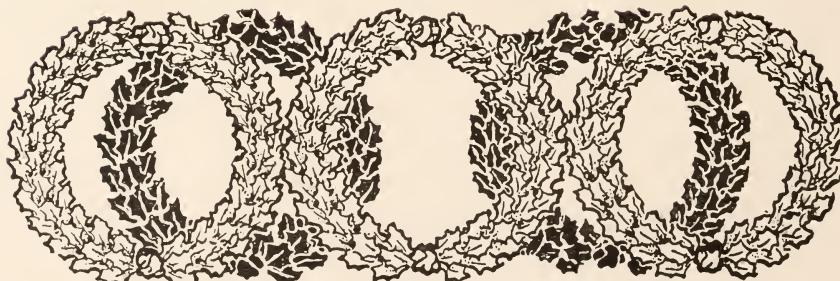
Garret, Nellie Taylor, Eula

Grayson, May Touchstone, Norma

Grimillion, L. V. Windsor, Lacie

Gluesbeck, Kate Martin, Laura.

McMichael, Carrie





CLASS POEM.

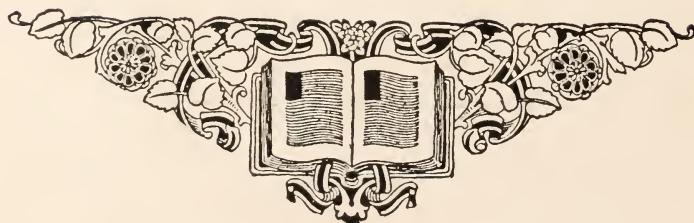
As I sit and dream in the twilight,
And muse o'er the happy past,
I have many fond recollections
Of the 19-09 Class.

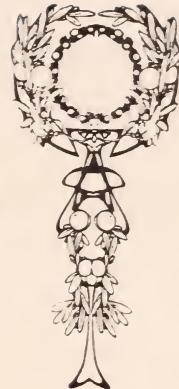
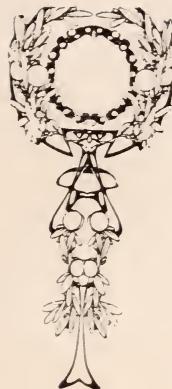
We were not great in number,
Nor in doing mighty deeds;
We realized our deficiencies
And humbly felt our needs.

In climbing the hill of knowledge,
Ours was a moderate pace,
But we kept before us the adage:
“Slow but sure wins the race.”

At times we grew discouraged,
The goal seemed so far away,
But this thought ever inspired us,
“The laborer is worthy his pay.”

Worthy his pay! Oh, let us,
As we each go on our way,
Exert every effort within us
To really be “worthy our pay.”



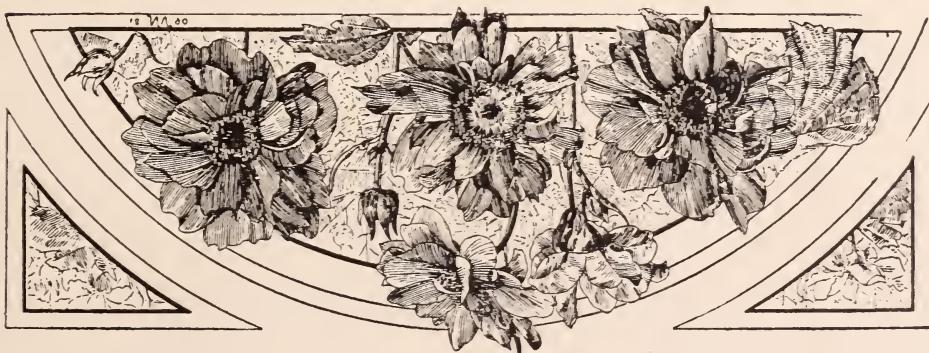


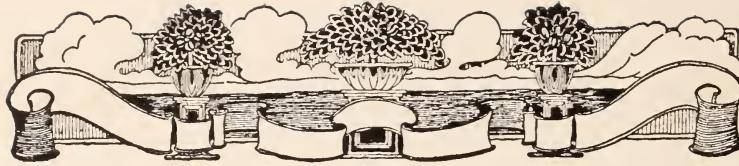
CLASS MEDLEY.

One day last May, Gremillion, neatly clad in his *Taylor* made suit, went up to the *Garrett*, took down his *Sword* and *Windsor* shot gun and made his way down to the lake. Here he shot a *Martin* and a *Groesbeck*, both of which he sold to the *Miller*, who told him that both *Dezendorf* and *Chaney* threatened to *Prosser-cute* him if he did not *Carrie Fargeson* and *Mosely* to town to hear "Norma".

"On your way back bring me a *Melon*, son and I'll speak a good word to the girls for you," said the *Miller*.

But like a true *Britton* he refused to be bribed, and went out to meet his friend the *Collier* whom he saw coming down the road.





HYPATIANS.

Motto	“Wisdom is Virtue.”
Colors	Olive, Green and Red.
Flower	Jacquemenot Rose.

YELL.

Hippity hop! Hippity hop!
We are striving to reach the top,
We need no man to assist our band,
Hypatians, Hypatians!
Feminine creations!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
“Aint” we fine?
We’re the class of May ’09.

OFFICERS.

Edith Porter	President.
Leah Achee	Vice-President.
Harriet Spiller	Secretary-Treasurer.
Mary Pirie	Historian.
Lucille Gibson	Prophet.
Bessie Harrington	Poet.
Winnie Valverde	Artist.





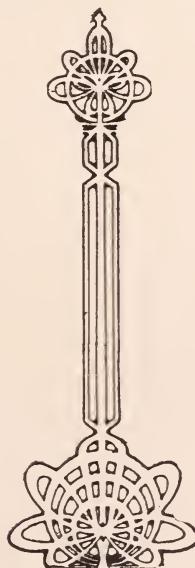
Achee—"Still water runs deep."

Bruner—"I've put away childish things."

Blackman—"Wit and knowledge in keeping
with *avoirdupois*."

Bass—"Good nature and good sense do ever
go hand in hand."

Craft—"All things come to those who work."





Fatheree—"Young women on entering life
should be neither too shy nor to bold."

Folse—"Fair but 'Folse.'

Harrington—"I heard a hollow sound. Who
rapped my skull?"

Levins—"You wear too much expression in
your face."



Lindsly—"I'm not in the role of common men."

Lucius—"Work! oh, work! but don't be Heckerty."

McHugh—"Few words indicate a wealth of wisdom."

McFarland—"Built like a mosquito long and thin."

Moore—"Where you face a difficulty never let it stare you out of countenance."



Neyland—"Go ye not indiscriminately to
classes."

O'Daniel—"The world doesn't tremble at my
approach—but then"—

Pirie—"The world is a serious proposition
after all."

Sample—"A small representation of the real
thing."

Spiller—"Well deserved, popularity."





Tucker—"Wise from the crown of her head up."

Kennedy—"Think much and hold your tongue; beware of speechifying."

Fisher — "Keeping everlastingly at it brings success."

Prothro — "Be resigned to your fate. One so wise, so young, they say can never live long — single."

Porter — "None know thee but to love thee — None name thee but to praise."





HYPATIANS.

There is oh, so much for Hypatians to be
In nineteen hundred and nine.
We may cover the world like the searching sea
In nineteen hundred and nine.
We may be of the rush of the city's roar
And our song may we sing where the condors soar
Or we may dip to the dark of Labrador
In nineteen hundred and nine.

There is oh, so much for Hypatians to do
In nineteen hundred and nine.
We may learn the methods of teaching then
In nineteen hundred and nine.
Or we may strive, as' Hypatians must
For the model school pupils who their teachers do trust
And learn one lesson — "ever be just"
In nineteen hundred and nine.

There is oh, so much for Hypatians to try
In nineteen hundred and nine,
The "how", and the "what", and the "when", and the "why"
In nineteen hundred and nine.
But sometimes we look at our knowledge so small
And think how we've worked to get any at all
And wonder if it will ever grow tall
In nineteen hundred and nine.

There is oh, so much, so we work as we may
In nineteen hundred and nine,
And loiter a little (?) along the way
In nineteen hundred and nine.
Oh, the Hypatian works, but the Hypatian clings
To the flowers of life, and the Hypatian sings!
Let us eat the sweet and forget the stings
In nineteen hundred and nine.





MISERIRE

Miserire, awake each wise Hypatian!

Think all the while of your organization;

Keep your plans before your mental vision,

Think what our training teacher

Says of preci—sion.

Remember the Model School,

And thus never break a rule!

. . . Bring forth self activity

From every child

Present the right stimuli

And think of the weighty criticisms from —

Russell, Williamson, Lewis, Tanzin, Bowden, Levy, Nelken, Guardia,
Chorus.

Heck—ert—Heck—ert—Heck—ert.

Heck—ert—Heck—ert—Heck,

Oh! Mr. Heckert, think of the trials that beset us,
Oh! Heckert—Heckert,

Heckert—Heck!







EROSOPHIANS.

Motto	"Non Nobis Solum"
Colors	Olive and Blue.
Flower	Ragged Robin

YELL.

E—R—O—S—O—P—H—I—A—N.
We're the first class of 1910.
Who — Wha — Wha — Who,
Olive and Blue! Olive and Blue!.

OFFICERS.

Levin McCook	President.
Earnestine Spears	Vice-President.
Elve Moore	Secretary & Treasurer
Maude Holston	Musician.
Lawrence Stevens	Orator.
Bessie Bauman	Poet.
Lloyd Porter	Historian.
Ethel Sharp	Prophet.
Clarissa Smith	Artist.
Mary, Morgan	Jester.

ROLL.

Babin, Celanie	Harvey, Lettie	Pecou, Myrtie
Bacot, Kate	Herndon, Hazel	Pinkston, Mary
Bauman, Bessie	Hinkle, Georgie	Pinkston, Debbie
Bowden, May	Holston, Maude	Porter, Lloyd
Brandin, La	Hull, Gretchen	Porter, Willie-May
Breazeale, Adaline	Hull, Ida	Prickett, Lucy
Cargill, Lillian	Jones, Bettie	Scott, Leslie
Carr, Cora	Kennedy, Mae	Sharp, Alma
Campbell, Bessie	McCall, Ruby	Sharp, Ethel
Decuir, Leitia	McCasland, Orra	Smith, Alma
Edward's, Floy	McCook, Leven	Smith, Eula Lee
Fleming, Bessie	Miles, Annie	Smith, Clairissa
Fry, Jewel	Moore, Elve	Spear, Ernestine
Gariand, Nancy	Moore, Emmett	Stevens, Lawrence
Gill, Lillian	Morgan, Mary-Harriet	Terrel, Sue
Granier, Hattie	Morillion, Ella	Wilson, Lucile
Groesbeck, Annie	Nixon, Ruth	Williams, Pearl
Hanchey, Theodore	Neely, W. E.	De Laney





SEVENTH TERM CLASS HISTORY.

At last we are "Seventh Termers" and Alas! "Practice Teachers." We have struggled up the path of terms, fighting bravely, sometimes, desperately, to overcome the obstacles in our way. No matter how dark the way or fierce the struggle there was always the Seventh Term, Star of hope, to guide us on. So brightly shone this wonderous star that we felt that when we came within the realm whereon it cast its magic rays thereafter our journey would be one of ease. Footsore and weary, did we reach this, but confident that all our troubles were over and that the rest of our days would be spent in ease and luxury; and that Practice Teaching would be a side show for entertainment.

How vain is hope! Our little star was misleading. There is no ease and luxury in this realm, and if Practice Teaching is a side show, we don't care to even see the main exhibition.

However, we are not discouraged, because we don't like the line of entertainment in the Seventh Term. If good work in the past means anything for the future, we certainly ought to succeed. As a class, we have always done good work, but it is because of some of our members that we are best known.

Most famous of all our members is Miss Cora Carr, the capable editor of this Annual. This young lady has made a brilliant record as a student and besides her work in the class rooms, she has always been a good society worker and active in all the branches of the school life.

Mr. Leven McCork, our class president, is one of the most popular young men at the Normal. All of us are especially proud of him because his star work at left end on the "Varsity" foot-ball team last fall. "Lev." is known as a jolly, good fellow. His greatest delight, besides working chemistry problems, is to tease girls by taking their property, such as belts, buckles, handkerchiefs and combs, and keeping them as souvenirs.

Another well known member of our class is Mr. Theodore Hanchey, also a star foot-ball man. Hanchey was captain and full-back of the "Varsity" this fall, and a great deal of the terms strength lay in this big, rosy-cheeked, handsome, baseball boy, whom the girls all love.

Mr. Lawrence Stevens, another of our precious boys, does able and earnest work in class, society, and in the athletic and religous organizations. He is business manager of the Annual and if ability and hard work can make it a success, that success is already assured.

Next on the list of boys is "Little Brother", Emmett Moore. Emmett lives up to the standard set by the other boys, being good both in and out of the school-room. Whenever the rest of the class, including Miss McCasland, cannot answer one of Mr. Pickles' questions, Mr. Moore is always called upon to enlighten the class and he usually makes good.

Miss Elve Moore, who claims to be "kissing kin" with "Little Brother" Emmett, is known for her class and society work and her ability as a basket-ball player. She is the only member of our class on the "Varsity" and it gives us pleasure to say she is a most able representative.

All of our class can thank Miss Mary Harriet Morgan for the sunshine and mirth she has brought by her funny sayings and merry jests. She was elected class jester and she certainly has filled the office.

Miss Letitia Dercuir is a young lady of whom the class feels especially proud. She won fame for her Term and glory for herself and her society by the contest in oratory at Christmas time. Miss Decuir is an authority on the subject of "Nights in Venezuela."

It is well known that the Seventh Term boys love all the Seventh Term girls, but they are especially in love with Miss Bessie Bauman. They couldn't help it if they wanted to. When a young lady has a pair of magic brown eyes, what she can do to a boy is a plenty. Well, when Bessie looks at the boys they are as hopelessly lost as a "see-all" at a full dress affair.

Another attractive and well known lady is Miss Eula Smith. Dear, gentle Eula has a large space in the hearts of all our class, as well as in those of all who know her. Besides her great strength of character and loveliness of disposition, Eula has won fame and admiration because of her diamonds and curls, a dangerous combination.

There are in our class also two "Sharp" girls, and if you run up against them too suddenly you are liable to get stuck.

Some of our class are known because of being the owners of vast estates, but probably the most extensive land holder is Mr. W. E. Neeley who owns two great plantations, that spread over an enormous territory. We wonder if it is Mr. Neeley's plantations that have attracted Miss Celanie Babin.

We rank as the most up-to-date class in school. We are credited with having the swellest line of slang ever slung on Normal grounds. We pick up this species of chin music from Mr. Heckert. That nerve of ours we got from Mr. Winstead, and our precision (?) from Mr. South. Our profanity we got from the Hon. George Freeman, master mechanics and D. of C. W., who sometimes (quite often) sets the air with cuss words ringing on Normal grounds.

Lack of space prevents the writing of more, but let it be said that if there were more it would tell of good, strong, earnest students that are popular on "Normal Hill" and have helped to make the high standard that exists in the Normal School.

AN APPEAL

(Tune of Massa Dear)

Heckert Hear! Heckert Hear!
Listen to our plea!
Terms have come, terms have gone!
Still we're here you see!
All our friends have passed and gone
And we're lonesome here
Work is dull, days are long
Help us Heckert, dear.

Chorus.

Help us Heck, to be gone,
From this place of woe
Give us our little sheep-skins
And we then will go.
And we then will go.

II.

We have come thro' six Terms
They were hard to bear.
Rochford first, then McVoy
Such a load of care.
Next a Knott in our path,
Then a Pickel too
Morris next, beset our way,
Heckert, then, 'twas you!

Chorus.

Help us Heck, to be gone
From this place of woe
Give us our little sheep-skins
And we then will go.
And we then will go.





NAME

The Meteors

MOTTO

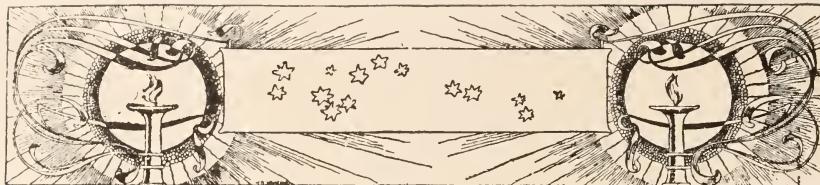
The whole or nothing

FLOWER

Black-eyed Susans

"1910"





“METEORS.”

Motto The Whole or Nothing.
 Colors Black and Yellow.
 Flower Black eyed Susan.

YELL.

What's the matter with the Meteors?

Ha! Ha! Hey!

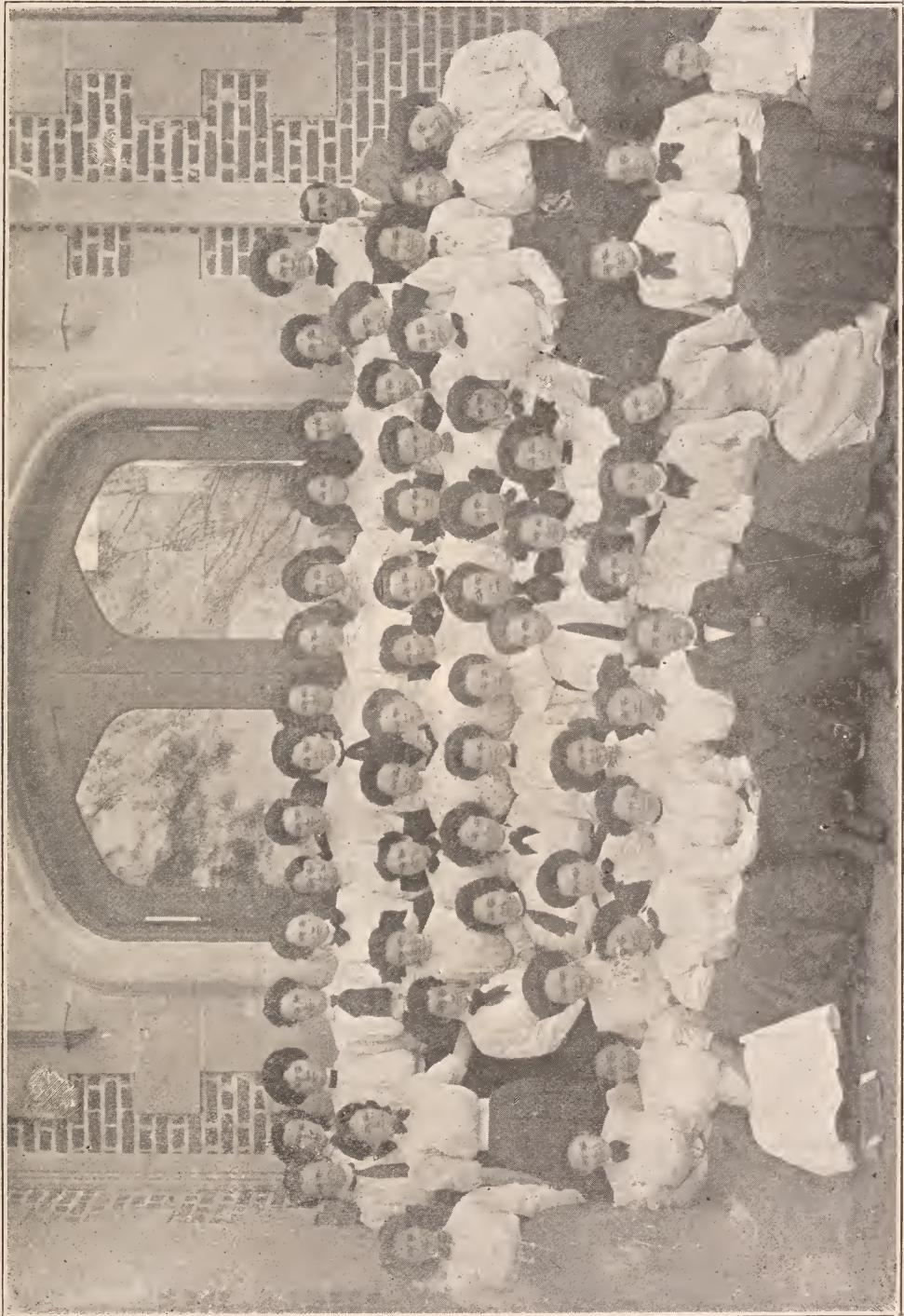
Meteors! Meteors! We're O. K.

OFFICERS.

Berand Mestayer.....	President.
Laura Stella Scheen	Vice-President.
Anna Wyatt Allen	Secretary & Treasurer.
Barbara Porter.....	Historian.
Mary Stuart	Musician.
Berand Mestayer.....	Orator.
Daisy Ratcliff	Poet.
Jennie Mae Brown	Jester.
Jessie Louise Foster	Artist.

ROLL.

Abrahm, Beatrice Elsie	Foster, Jessie Louise	Pace, Eva
Alford, Bobbie	Freeman, Alice	Pearson, Lucile
Allain, Jeanne Georgine	Frere, Mary T.	Porter, Barbara
Allen, Anna W.	Gibbs, Bessie	Ratcliff, Daisy
Best, Minnie	Halbe, Ann Joseph	Reiber, Ethel
Bonicard, Nettie M.	Hamiter, Annie May	Scheen, Laura S.
Brandin, Jeanette	Haws, Maggie	Semple, Tillie
Brasher, Mary	Klingman, Jennie	Smith, Eleanor
Breazeale, Regina Seesel	Klock, Ada	Smith, Gratia
Brown, Jennie Mae	Lanius, Beulah Hoyt	Stahl, Ruby
Connell, Mattie	Le Blanc, Anna	Strong, Daisy Sims
Claverie, Ethel	Lemon, Louise	Stuart, Mary
Cloutier, Ivy	Lisso, Olive	Trezivant, Rembert
Cooper, Octavine	List, Marion	Trichel, Annie Claire
Corbin, Lucile Carlotta	Littell, Eleanor	Varnado, Natalie
Corcoran, Willie	Maricelli, Ella	Voiers, Emma
Daussat, Mildred Lee	Marston, Essie	Westrope, Della
Davidson, Ernestine	Melauncon, Myra	White, Lise S.
Dixon, Jessie	Merchant, Ada	Williams, Angie
Esterge, Nita	Mestayer, Berand	Williams, Franklin
Faulk, Aline	Norman, Gussie	Wise, Jiley B.
Fletcher, Laura	Norman, Rosalie	Winfield, Tom
Fortier, Edvidge		



CLASS JAMBALAYA.

A Ruby glowing bright,
And a group of Daisies three,
All these the eye delight,
Pretty Ivy, too, you see.

Not just as ornaments do they while their time away
For Proverb says "Beware! and useful be, as gay."
They stir the matter grey, and so well that all can see
Results to be the best, — where better none can be!

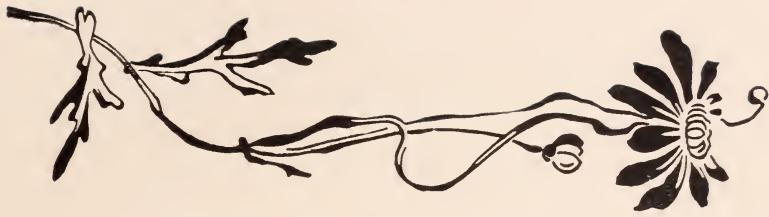
A Tidie maid have we
Also maids both Brown and White;
For regularitee
Just a Klock that keeps in sight.

All these keep the class clear of dark cobwebs in the brain;
They keep things neat and clean, and leave brightness in their train.
To do this is right hard, for there's Bob, and Joseph, too —
But then they're not so bad! they're not boys (boo-hoo!)

Our Cook's a specimen
And our Porter's, oh! so spry;
Our Faulk, why, she's worth ten;
And our Lemon is not wry!

The Coopers waiting still for another handsome Crow;
The Smiths are doing work with hearty puff and blow.
Our Bell calls loudly round, so all about are told
Our Merchant now is here with a lovely Scheen of gold.





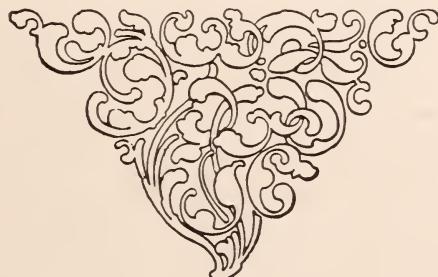
But hark! while this I tell;
In our home's a queen so true,
For whom we keep no cell, —
And 'tis Mary Stuart, too.

Our Freeman guards her well with a quick and lively Pace,
And Mary's Foster-sis charmeth all with her bright grace.
Our Jolly Wise man too, hands out rations, not of bread,
But rations, they of "nosco", for each, -well,-roomy (!) head.

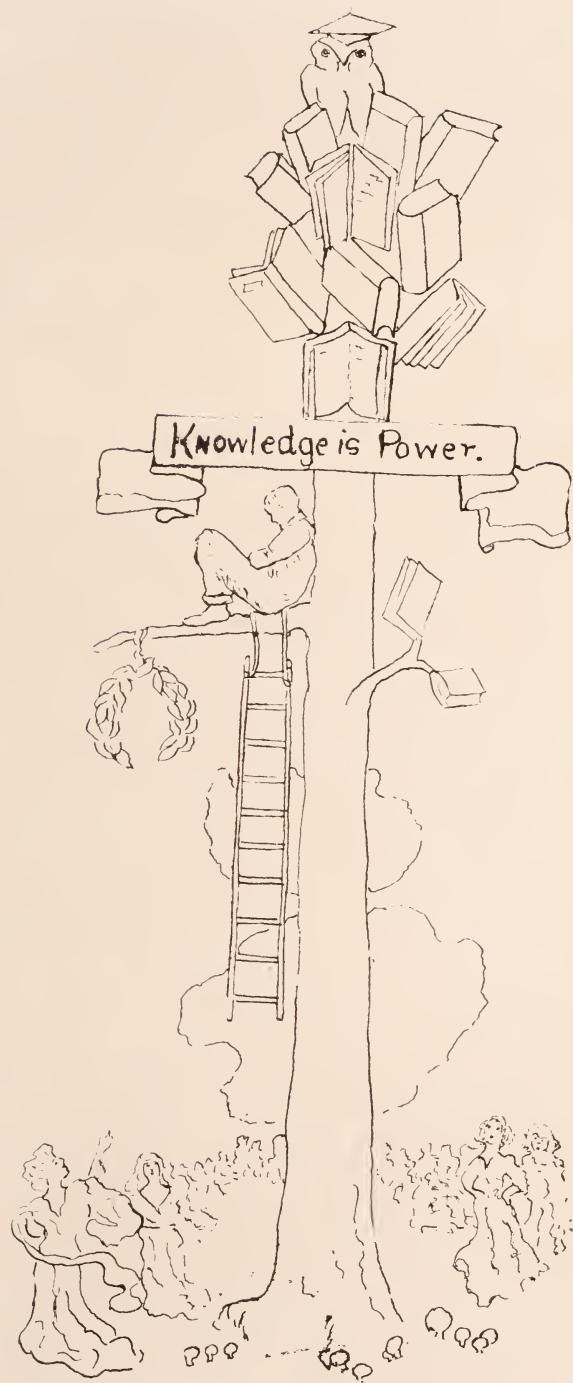
I see that you are shocked
That a high-born queen should be
Even by accident
In such low company.

But now, just change your mind, for our Cook is not a churl;
If you will but believe, he's a dignified old Earl.
The rest are quite as good, and for other shining lights
Consult our List at once, you'll admire them all aright.

Then hurrah for the old Sixth Term!
And I guess that you have guessed
That they stand just like two classmates
For the Best! the Strong! the Best!







DELVERS.

Motto	Knowledge is Power.
Colors	Green and Gold.
Flower	Yellow Chrysanthemum.

YELL.

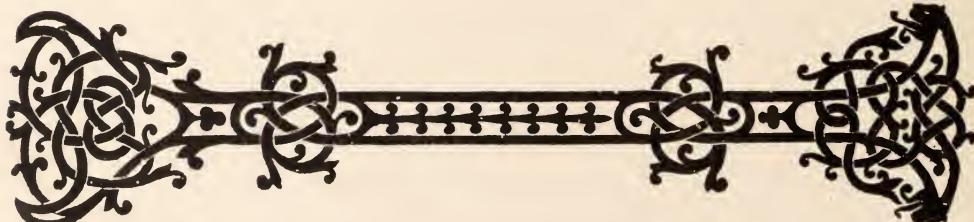
Razzle, dazzle
Hobble Gobble,
Sis! Booh! Bah!
"Aint we It"?
Well I guess,
Delvers — Delvers!
Yes! Yes! Yes!

OFFICERS.

Louise Moise	President.
Robert Chaplain	Vice-President.
Helen Swords	Secretary.
Laura Walsh	Treasurer.

ROLL.

Arbour, Roslyn	Davis, Jonnie	Littell, Mary
Baldridge, Ora	Dossart, Hazel	Moise, Louise
Baugh, Addie May	Dunckelman, Fay	Monceret, Marceline
Bell, Maud	Dupaquier, Suzanne	Ogilvie, Lucy
Bennecke, Caroline	Durand, Marcel	Raines, Nonie
Black, Emmie	Faulk, Ernest	Overby, Norma
Brooks, Erxine	Field, Agnes	Sentell, Madge
Broussard, Charles	Gibson, Lela	Smith, Willie
Brunson, Kate	Gonzales, Beatrice	Southern, May
Caldwell, Mary	Haw, Willie	Stevens, Sadie
Caldwell, Coy	Hawkins, Anne	Stroud, Bessie
Caldwell, Margaret	Higginbotham, Lela	Swords, Helen
Chaplin, Robert	Hightower, Mamie	Swards, Helen
Chauvin, Helen	Hubbs, Anna	Waish, Laura
Cooper, Carrie	Jeter, Lucile	Womack, Maude
Cropper, Lillian	Kent, Maude	Wilbert, Lolita
Dardenne, Nonte	Klock, Edith	Wright, Sadie
Darden, Stella	Labe, Julie	Wyatt, Lillie







THE DELVERS.

History is a record of past events. In it are chronicled the rise, progress, and fall of great nations, wonderful achievements in science and art, heroic deeds of the battle field, and of statesmanship in peaceful legislative halls.

History's pages through ancient, medieval, and modern times are bright with names of illustrious men and women, who have made the world better for their having lived in it; and so we, the Delvers, the promising Class of 1910, hope to fill other pages yet unwritten.

By our good efforts and few struggles we have passed the "Freshie" days, and are now rapidly gaining the summit of that great and grand peak Mt. Knowledge.

As it is we are now suspended in "space" and dealing with "infinity". Nevertheless, we make daily trips to ancient Rome.

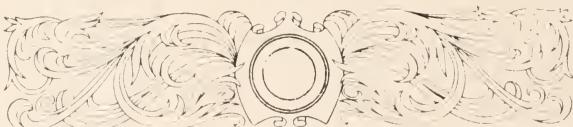
Our food consists of Sesame. This accounts for the many stars of our class who make us feel worthy of our motto, "Knowledge is Power."

Now we believe we have some queer things in our class; why we have a Chaplain who has never seen an army or navy; a Field that is really able to attend school; and above all Rains, who is always present. There's Moise (more ease- in this class than in any other, for a Hightower and Barn are actually able to sit side by side with a Picket near by).

Our Klock always tells the Wright time in the good old Southern way, while our Sword and Faulk stand by to defend us.

There's no doubt that our class will be the grandest, considering the size, that History has ever known, for several students have already "passed" distinguished personages, and others expect to do the same.

We hope we may live to see our plans Caldwell, and our dreams realized.





“ATLANTAS.”

Motto.....	“You Can’t Catch Us.”
Colors.....	Purple and Green.
Flower	Violet.

YELL.

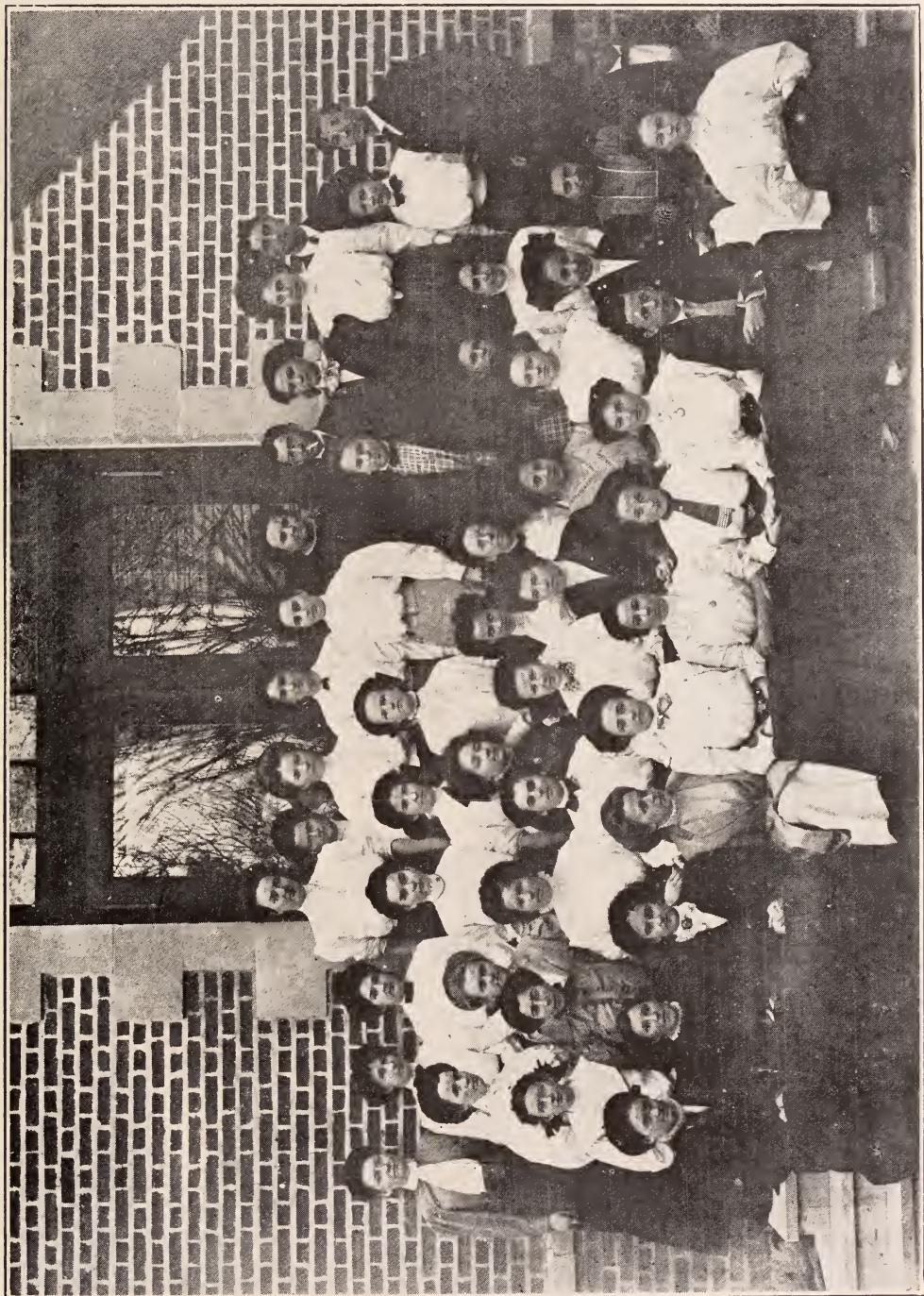
Raise our colors to be seen
Royal purple, olive green.
You can’t catch us if you try.
If you say so, you’re a— .
Rah! Rah! Rah!

OFFICERS.

May Wemp.....	President.
Maggie Allen.....	Vice-President.
Miriam Nelken.....	Secy. and Treas.
Hattie Miers	Historian.
Willie Bell Stuart	Poet.
Lelia Ducournan.....	Artist.
Lillie Melanson.....	Jester.

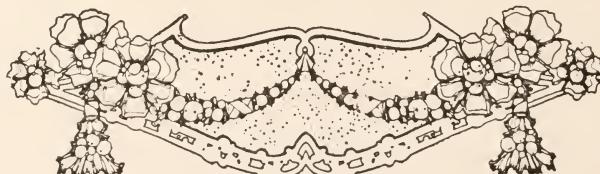
ROLL.

Allen, Maggie	Giesen, Margaret	Pryor, Georgia
Ariail, Ellen	Girod, Grace	Midyett, Lurline
Barnes, Minnie	Green, Alex	Roche, Helen
Beau, Leonie	Haile, Eva	Simmons, Viola
Bridwell, Clara	Hanchey, G. W.	Simpkins, Ethel
Buvens, May	Hill, Mattie May	Smelly, Mattie
Byrom, Edyth	Hyams, Aurora	Smith, Margaret
Chauvin, Kate	Jackson, Maude	Smith, Vivian
Clark, Bernie	King, Mary	Stewart, Willie Bell
Cox, Phanor	McDonald, Pink	Thigpen, Exa
Daspit, Maude	McLeod, Eunice	Parmalee, Fannie
Davis, Dooley	Melanson, Lillie	Wemp, May
Ducournan, Lelia	Miears, Hattie	Williams, Grace
Durrett, Maggie	Monzingo, Josie	Williamson, Sarah
Everett, Kate	Nelken, Miriam	Winbarg, Howard
Fleshman, Nina	Parkman, Isabelle	Wise, G. Jolly
Guyton, Eunice		



"ATLANTAS"

Shakespeare once said, "Some are born great, some achieve greatness and *some have* greatness thrust upon them." He had us in mind when he made the last part of that statement and we are proud of ourselves. To ask who we are would be an absurd question, but for the benefit of the few who are too far behind time to know us, we'll venture to tell our own history. Without a doubt we are the smartest class in the Normal from the Model School to the Eighth Term, and Mr. Aswell and the teachers won't let us forget it. There's another good thing about us and that is, if no one else brags about us we are quite capable of bragging about ourselves. We are prompted to do this not by false pride, but by the realization that our own importance is so unlimited. What would those poor overworked practice teachers do without us? They regard us as walking encyclopedias and come to us on all occasions. Often have we dried their tears for them. We are looking forward to days of indolence and ease when we reach the seventh and eighth terms. We are already making provisions for our future welfare. One of our brilliant stars has already sent in her application for a man, coming early to avoid the rush. Our brightness is displayed on all occasions free of charge. We take an active part in all three societies, in fact we run this whole Normal School, but we keep dark about it. Faculty meetings are the greatest bores of our existence, but realizing how essential our presence is, we sacrifice ourselves in a worthy cause. We hold the fates of our school-mates in our hands and ours is always the deciding vote as to whether they pass or fail. If knowledge is power, then consider us as monarchs of all we survey. The insignificant world had better be on the lookout for us when we leave here for by unanimous vote we propose to make the biggest hit of the century and there's no two ways about it, we'll do it, for we are *It*.



PELICANS

THIRD TERM

1909



MOTTO
JUSTICE, UNION, CONFIDENCE
COLORS
WHITE AND GREEN
FLOWER - MAGNOLIA

PELICANS.

Motto.....	Justice, Union and Confidence.
Flower.....	Magnolia.
Colors.....	Dark, Green and White.

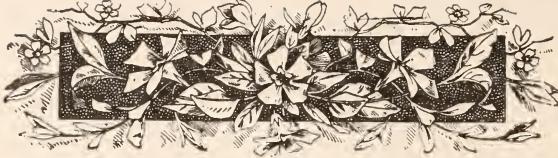
OFFICERS.

G. C. Holston.....	President.
Janey Robertson.....	Vice-President.
Bessie Pickels	Secretary and Treasurer.
Ruth Williams.....	Historian.
Blanche De Rowen.....	Musician.
Regina Ewing.....	Artis'.
Udith Myer.....	Orator.
Olive Gilmore.....	Prophet.
Bertha Brown	Jester.
Eugenie Woods	Poet.

ROLL.

Austin, Clotilde	Gleason, Flavia	Nelson, Cornelia
Ayecock, Lizzie	Griffing, Mary Bell	Perkins, Lorena
Babin, Lucy	Hargis, Earle	Pickels, Bessie
Barham, Geneva	Harkrider, Helen	Pourcian, Anthony
Beau, Elga	Holston, G. C.	Price, Irene
Berry, Lucile	Hornberger, Marthilde	Richardson, Hilda
Beanvais, Cecile	Jones, Inez	Robertson, Janie
Biaggini, Corinne	Kelly, Mammie	Roe, Geneva
Bridwell, Eula	La Cour, Eleanor	Rogers, Harold
Brown, Bertha	La Cour, Kate	Rongeot, Clara
Bujol, Ola	Landry, Lillie	Smith, Rufus
Butler, Annie Laurie	Lyall, Edith	Stuart, Clara
Canterbury, W. F.	Major, Beatrice	Talbart, Kate
Cormeaux, A. O.	Mayer, Udith	Vandercrussen, Inez
De Cuir, Vivian	McCaffery, Winona	Walker, Lola
De Rowen, Blanche	Melder, Jessie	Williams, Ruth
Ellender, Thomas	Mire, Ida	Wise, Ollie
Elmore, Edna	Morrow, Helen	Woods, Eugenie
Ewing, Regina	McPherson, Jewell	Wall, Andrey.
Gilmore, Olive		





PELICANS.

Three terms ago we bade good bye, but not farewell to our Model School days. Not farewell, because when we reach the now dim and distant Seventh term we'll be back there again teaching, as we were taught by former practice teachers. What a world of meaning does the word practice teaching hold for us now!

But since we are not prophets dealing with the future, we will turn to the past. How important did we seem to ourselves on that first day in the Normal! It seemed that all eyes were cast in our direction and the attention of the whole school turned to us. Not many days did we labor under this delusion, for we soon learned that we had lessons to labor over instead. The trials and tribulations of the first term seemed almost unsurmountable, but luck was with us and most of us were enlisted to battle as best we could through the mysteries of the second term. Long and hard seemed that struggle, but we came through with flying colors. What a pleasant appearance the world presented to us when we were handed those little white slips marked THIRD TERM!! Our joy was unbounded and our satisfaction unlimited, for did not this bring us four months nearer our goal?

We are modest to an extreme, but that virtue does not prevent us from dispensing our vast amount of knowledge to those struggling little First and Second Termers whom we have left behind.

We are enthusiastic supporters of all athletics, having a number of shining stars. We have named ourselves, "The Pelicans," and have chosen the magnolia for our flower, thus signifying our loyalty to the State.

To the Normal, where we have spent so much profitable time, we, the Pelicans, will always be loyal, living up in every respect to our motto, "Justice, Union and Confidence."





Les
Enfants

Margot de Gaulle

LES ENFANTS.

Motto	"Out of the Mouths of Babes Flow Wisdom."
Colors.....	Baby Blue and White.
Flower.....	Forget-Me-Not.

YELL.

Ge He! Ge Ho! Ge Ho! Ho! Ho!
We are always on the go.
Ge Ha! Ge Ha! Ge Ha! Ha! Ha!
Les Enfant Rah! Rah! Rah!

OFFICERS.

Annie Stevens.....	President.
Bascom Lafargue.....	Vice-President.
Ira Enloe.....	Secy. and Treas.
Joanna Porter.....	Historian.
Lucy Carr.....	Poet.
Mazie Howell.....	Artist.
Roy Barlow.....	Orator.
Nathan Krauson.....	Jester.

ROLL.

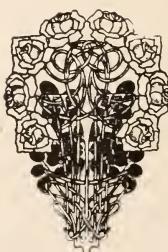
Annison, Albert	Enloe, Ira	McCall, Annie
Annison, Thomas	Fixary, Bessie	Montegut, Marie
Atkinson, Julia	Fowler, M. J.	Morris, Fannie
Aycock, Meda	Frederick, Mamie	Murphy, Kate
Barlow, Roy	Henry, Cora Lee	Plumner, Lee
Bird, Nettie	Howell, Mazie	Picquet, Kate
Biossat, Ethel	Johnson, Jessie	Parter, Joanna
Bourque, Galbert	Jones, Lorena	Portie, Emma
Brandon, Clinton	Kirkland, Lizzie	Rader, Jessie
Brou, Amelia	Kirkland, Bculah	Reulet, Nathalie
Carr, Lucy	Knox, Ella	Readhimer, Winfred
Carroll, Lois	Kranson, Nathan	Savant, Edna
Cappell, Vivian	Lafargue, Bascom	Sevier, Lucy
Cordill, Zuleka	Ledette, Edna	Satcher, Sam
Collens, Dora	Lewis, Almina	Shipworth, Oliver
Collins, Mabel	L'herisson, Amy	Stevens, Annie
Cognewich, Blanche	Lyall, Vivian	Teddlie, Fletcher
Davis, Emma	Matta, Ruth	Trumps, Oyea
Diasselliss, Dorothy	Marshall, Sue	Vice, Rose
Elmore, Laura		





LES ENFANTE.

When we were asked to write our history for the first edition of the Potpourri, we were delighted that we, the Second Termers, were being admitted within the covers of that distinguished book. As Second Termers we are more respected than we were as First Termers. The responsibility is great, and we feel it. Last year we kept in the back ground, having learned that that was the proper method of behavior for First Termers. To be sure we still feel rather small and insignificant. They, the higher term, do not ask us to serve on "Annual" Committees and we are not even asked to sing in the glee club. But we are not a bad set, and we are, above all, agreeable and glad to make ourselves useful as well as ornamental. We can't write a history as we haven't a past. But we, Les Enfants, expect to graduate the finest class that has ever been on Normal Hill.



LES ENFANTS.

S stands for the sense
We are said to possess;
And it's very little
'Tis sad to confess.

E is for Energy—
Spent in trying to pass;
To do this we're striving
Each one in our class.

C is for Courage
In which we all share;
There is nothing arduous
That we would not dare.

O is for organization
That is hinted about;
When we get to the Seventh,
We'll find it all out.

N is for Negligence,
Of which you've all heard;
But true Second Termers
Ne'er use such a word.

D stands for Diligence
At work or at play;
We give strict attention,
What e'er comes our way.

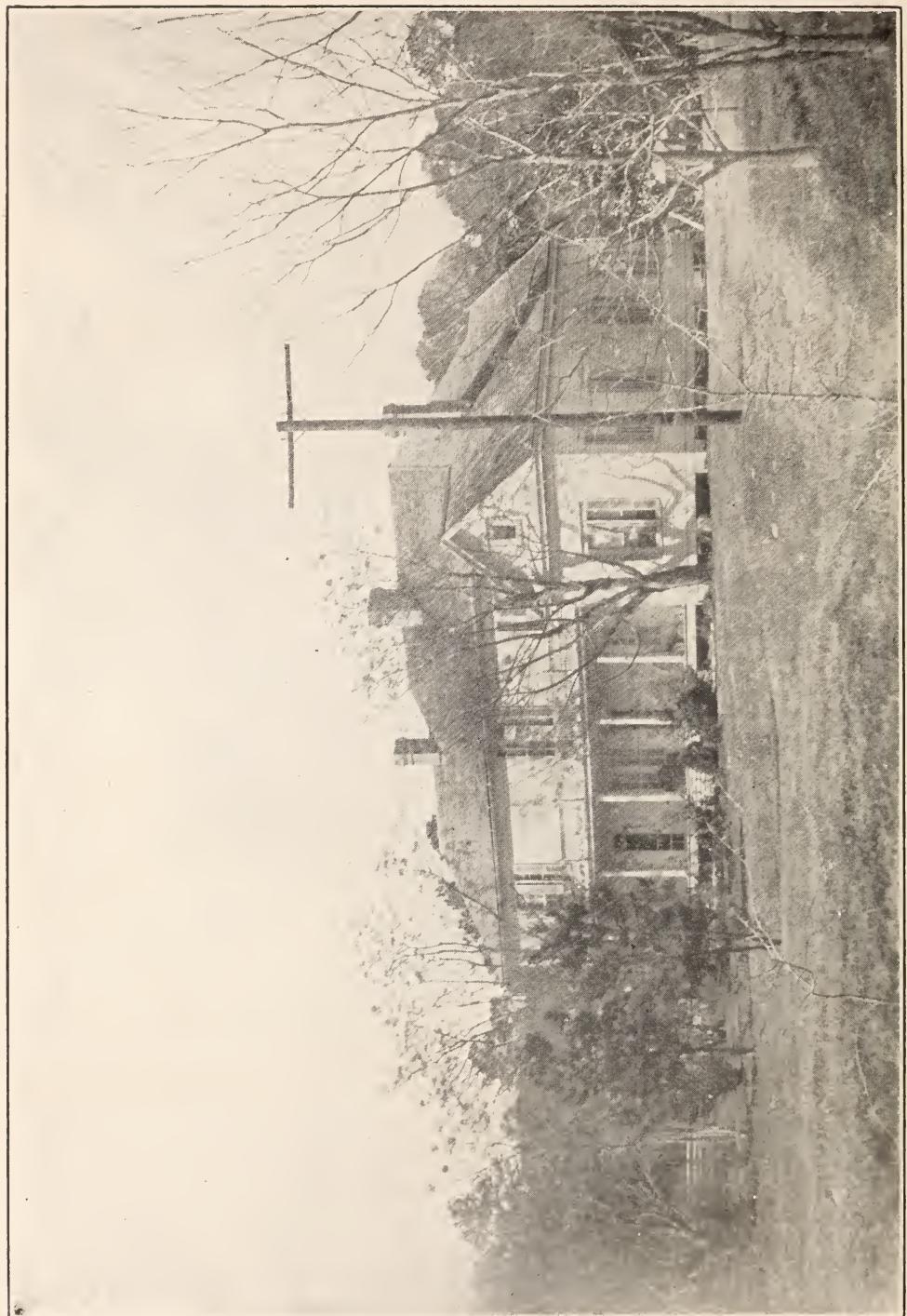
T stands for Teachers
That goal is our aim;
We'll seek to help others
Not for fortune or fame.

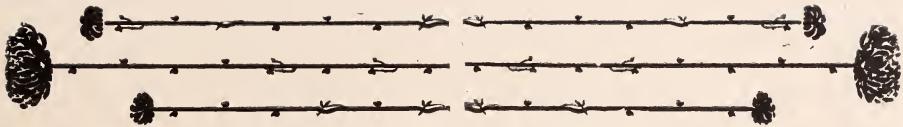
E for Experience,
But our store is small;
If you are in trouble,
On us do not call.

R is for rapture,
Meaning joy at its best;
One always will find it,
Just after a test.

M stands for Modesty,
But of this we won't speak;
We feel it our duty
To be gentle and meek.







PREPARATORY CLASS

"THE BACHELORS".

Motto—Not how many, but how apt; not how much, but how good.

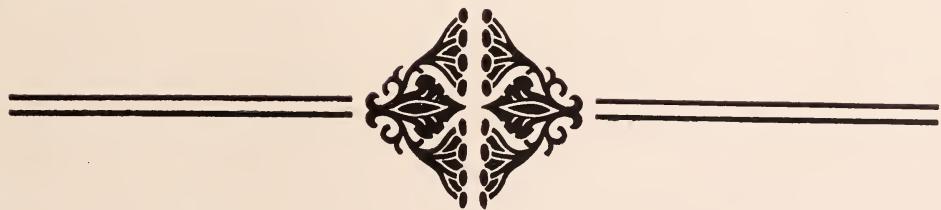
YELL.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Sis, Bum! Bah!
Bachelors! Bachelors! Rah! Rah! Rah!

ROLL.

Dezendorf, James
Enloe, Edwin
Freeman, Earl
Hargrove, Marion
Kaffie, Harold
Kranson, Harry.

Flower..... Lady Slipper.
Colors Green and White.



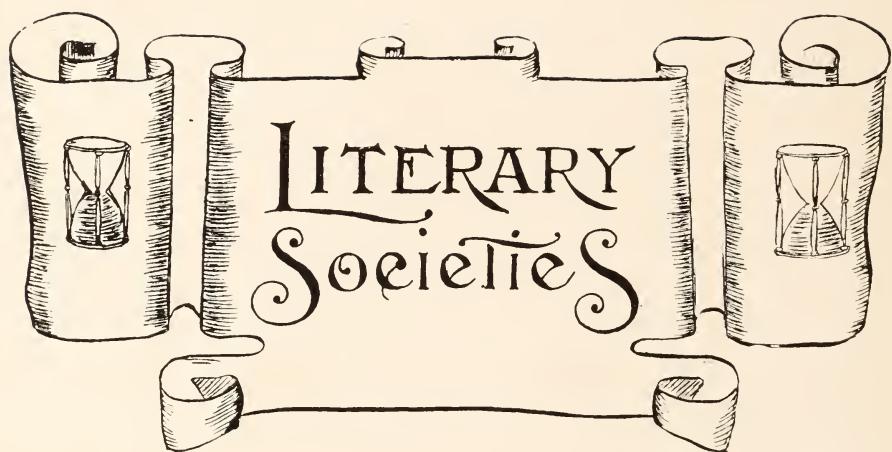


THEODORE HANCHEY.

In Memory of our beloved Schoolmate

THEODORE HANCHEY.

*“But thou and I have shaken hands
Till growing winters lay me low;
My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscover’d lands.”*





"SEEKERS AFTER KNOWLEDGE."

Organized 1890.

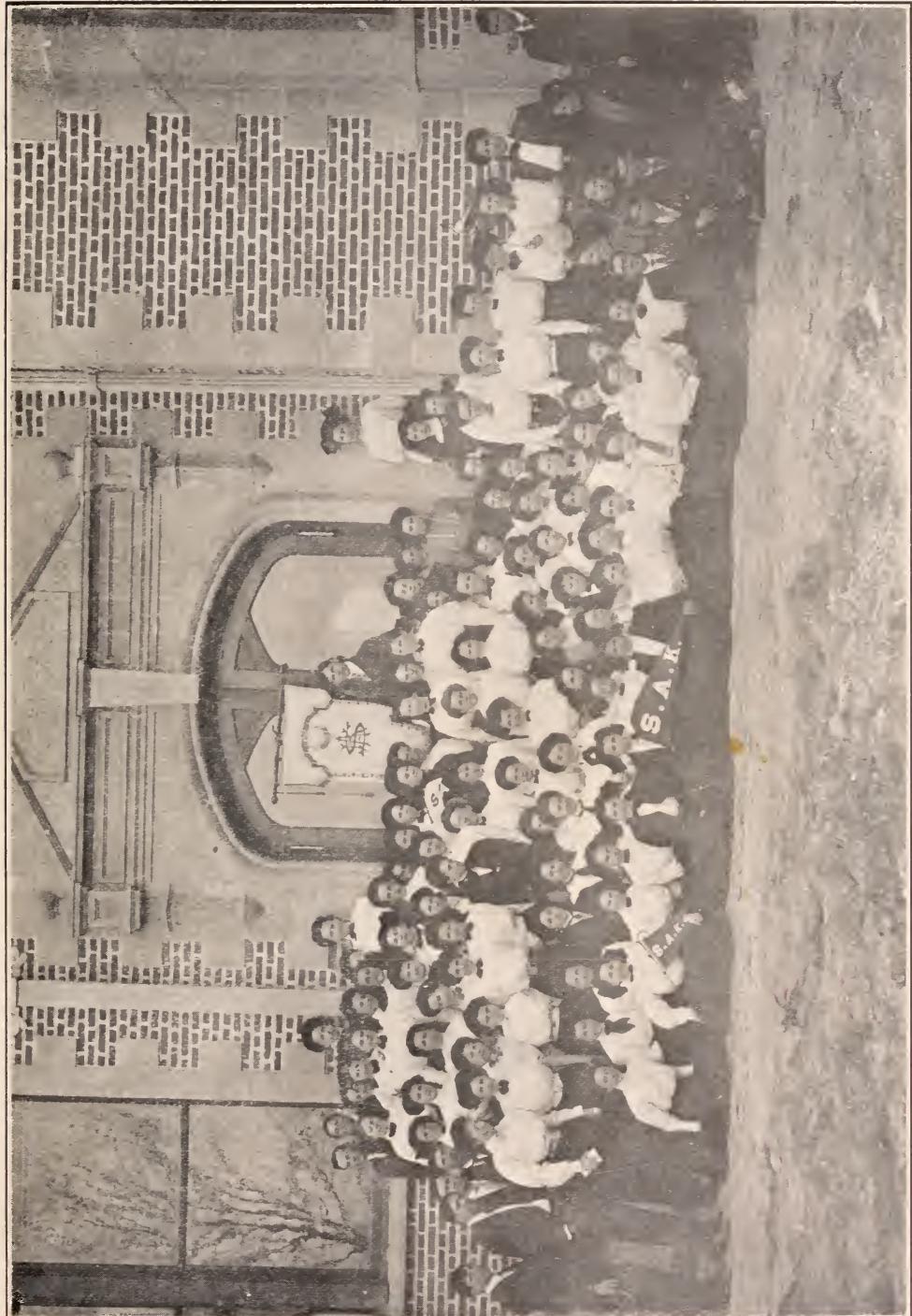
Colors	Gold and White.
Flower	(Yellow Marshal Neil.)

OFFICERS.

President	Lawrence Stevens.
Vice-President	Mary Pirie.
Secretary	Alma Sharp.
Critic	Ernestine Spears.
Editor	Bessie Bauman.
Treasurer	Clarissa Smith.

ROLL.

Abraham, Beatrice	Foster, Jessie Louise	Parkman, Isabel
Allen, Anna Wyatt	Frere, Mary	Pecou, Myrtie
Allen, Maggie	Gueson, Margaret	Perkins, Lorena
Ailain, Georgine	Guson, Louis	Pinkston, Mary
Alford, Bobbie	Gibbs, Bessie	Pinkston, Debbie
Alfonte, Viola	Habe, Ann Joseph	Pommala, Fannie
Arbcour, Rosalyn	Green, Robert	Porter, Edith
Baldridge, Ora	Harkrider, Helen	Porter, Joanna
Bass, Rebecca	Harrington, Bessie	Porter, Lloyd
Bauman, Bessie	Harvey Lettie	Rains, Nonie
Bennicky, Caroline	Howell, Maezie	Richardson, Hilda
Bowden, May	Jones, Louis	Sampe, Lillie
Brazeale, Suseel	Labe, Julie	Scott, Ora
Brison, Agnes	Lacour, Eleanor	Sharp, Alma
Brown, Jennie May	Lacour, Kate	Scott, Leslie
Brunson, Kate	Landry, Lillie	Sharp, Eunel
Brussard, Charles	Le Blanc, Judith	Sharp, Hazel
Bujol, Ola	Le Farque, Bascom	Smith, Clarissa
Carr, Lucy	Lemon, Louise	Smith, Rufus
Carr, Cora	Lindsey, Jennie	Spear, Ernestine
Cargill, Lillian	List, Marion	Stevens, Annie
Clavarie, Ethel	Littel, Mary	Stevens, Lawrence
Collins, Dora	Littel, Eleanor	Stroud, Bessie
Cooper, Octavine	Lyall, Edythe	Strong, Daisy
Comeaux, Herbert	Lyall, Vivian	Spillar, Harriet
Cooper, Carrie	Major, Beatrice	Stuart, Clara
Darden, Stella	Matthews, Rffie	Stuart, Mary
Davidson, Ernestine	Matta, Ruth	Swords, Helen
Decuir, Letitia	Marshall, Sue	Terrel, Sue
Decuir, Vivian	Melanson, Lillie	Trezavant, Rembert
Dixon, Jessie	Miles, Annie	Valverde, Winnie
Deasselliss, Dorothy	Myers, Hattie	Varnado, Natalie
Dupaquer, Suzanne	Moise, Louise	Van der Cruzen, Inez
Daussat, Mildred	Morgan, Mary	Walsh, Laura
Durand, Marselle	Moore, Elve	White, Lise
Ewing, Regina	Murphy, Kate	Williams, Angie
Faulk, Aline	McCaffery, Winona	Williams, Earline
Faulk, Ernest	Neyland, Inez	Williams, Pearl
Fleshman, Nina	Overby, Norma	Woods, Euginia
Fortier, Edvidge	Pirie, Mary	Wamack, Maude.





ECLECTIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

Organized 1892.

Theodore Hanchey	President.
Emmet Moore	Vice-President.
Grace Williams	Secretary.
Nettie McHugh	Critic.
Beraud Mestayer	Treasurer.
Leah Achee	Chorister.
Tom Winfield	Librarian.
Laura Scheen	Editor.

ROLL.

Achee, Leah	Gill, Lillian	McLeod, Eunice
Aycock, Lizzie	Girod, Grace	McHugh, Nettie
Babin, Alma	Gleason, Flavia	Merchant, Ada
Babin, Lucy	Gonzaline, Zulima	Mestayer, Beraud
Baugh, Addie	Gonzales, Beatrice	Monzingo, Josie
Bean, Leonee	Green, Alex	Moore, A'lie
Bean, Elga	Hamiter, Annie May	Moore, Emmet
Beauvit, Adriam	Hanchey, Theodore	Morillon, Ella
Berry, Lucile	Hanchey, George	Mougeot, Coralie
Benion, Mattie	Hargrove, Marion	Norman, Rosalie
Rouisard, Nettie	Holston, G. C.	Norman, Gussie
Brandon, Ella	Hull, Ida	Pace, Eva
Branden, Johnette	Hull, Gretchen	Pcrtal, Marie
Bridwell, Clara	Jackson, Frank	Porter, Willie May
Bridwell, Eula	Jones, E. B.	Pharis, Arthur
Bruner, Delia	Jones, Lorina	Price, Irene
Byram, Edith	Kaffie, Harold	Pryor, Georgie
Campbell, Bessie	Kennedy, Mai	Pourcian, A. L.
Canterbury, W. F.	King, Mary	Pourcian, Irene
Carol, Lois	Klock, Ada	Reulet, Nathalie
Chaplin, Robert	Klock, Edith	Rogers, Harold
Cloutier, Ivy	Kranson, Nathan	Sature, Sam
Cornell, Mattie	Le Blanc, Anna	Shacere, Hilda
Corbin, Lucele	Levins, Alma	Scheen, Laura
Daspit, Maude	Lindsay, Laura	Schutzman, Selma
Davis, Emma	Lisso, Olive	Smith, Gratia
Dassat, Hazel	Loeffler, Evangeline	Smith, Margaret
Edwards, Floy	Major, Phillipina	Southern, Mary B.
Folse, Pearl	Major, Virginia	Stahl, Ruby
Fowler, Mr.	Marston, Essie	Williams, Grace
Freeman, Earl	McCall, Ruby	Winfield, Tom
Fry, Jewell	McCasland, Ona	Wise, J. B.
Garland, Nancy	McFarland, Mary	Wise, G. J.
Gibson, Lucile	McGowen, Dot	



MODERN CULTURE CLUB

Organized in 1902.

OFFICERS.

Evie Protheo.....	President.
Mr. Nealy.....	Vice-President.
Lewis Chaze	Secretary.
Hazel Herndon.....	Treasurer.
Lucile Wilson.....	Editor.
Lela Higginbotham.....	Critic.

Anderson, Albert	Herndon, Hazel
Baker, Milton	Hester, Celia
Barbin, Alma	Higginbotham, Lela
Barnes, Ellen	Hinkle, Georgie
Beauvis, Bennett	Holston, Maude
Bell, Maude	Hubbs, Anna
Biagginni, Corinne	Hughes, Frank H.
Biaggini, Julia	Hyams, Ora
Blanchard, Clarence	Jeter, Lucille
Blanchard, Cleveland	Jones, Ruth
Bourque, G. G.	Lucius, Ascalah
Breazeale, Adeline	McCook, Leven
Brown, Anna	Nealy, W. E.
Butler, Annie	Norman, C. V.
Chaze, Lewis	O'Daniel, Mattie
Cognivich, Blanche	Oglebie, Lucy
Corneaux, A. O.	Parker, Martin
Cook, Earl	Plummer, Alonzo
Cordill, Zuelika	Pierce, Janie
Dardenne, Noute	Prickett, Lucy
Ellender, Thomas	Prothro, Evie
Enloe, Ira	Raphiel, Bertha
Fatherree, Lillian	Sample, Telitha
Fisher, Ethel	Stewart, Willie Belle
Fletcher, Laura	Street, Lillie
Fontenot, V. M.	Talbert, Kate
Gilmore, Olive	Tyson, Joe
Granier, Hattie	Wilbert, Lolita
Griffing, Mary Belle	Wilson, Lucille.
Guyton, Eunice	





Music

APOLLONIAN CLUB.

OFFICERS .

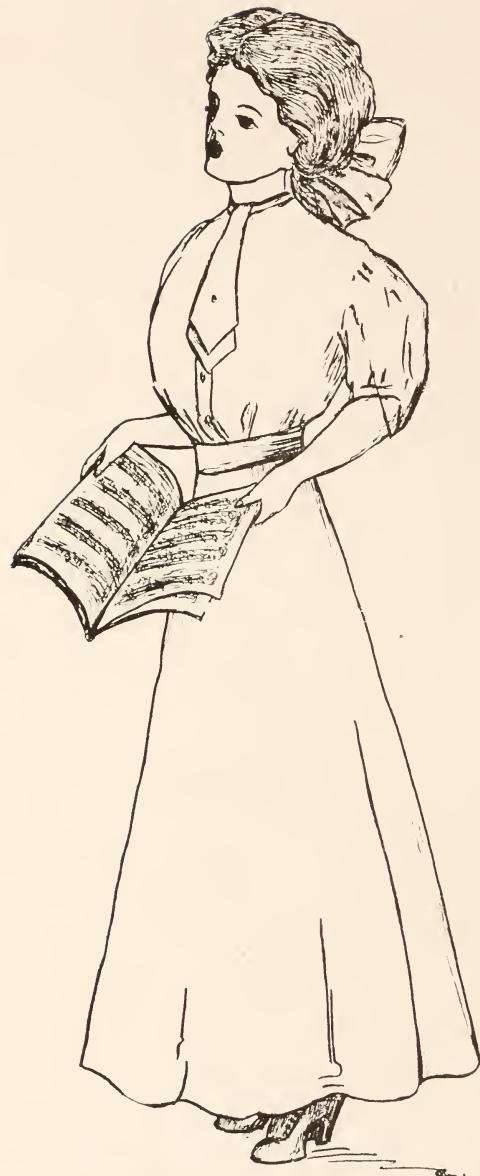
Robert Chaplain	President.
Agnes Field	Vice-President.
Vangie Loeffler	Secretary.
Beatrice Gonzales	Treasurer.

MEMBERS.

Aswell, Corinne	List, Ruth
Allain, Georgine	Loeffler, Vangie
Ariel, Ellen	Lyall, Vivien
Atkins, Julia	McDonald, Pink
Babin, Lucy	Melancon, Lillie
Black, Emmie	McCaffery, Winona
Brou, Amelie	Mire, Ida
Breazeate, Seessel	Merchant, Ada
Beuvans, May	Monzingo, Josie
Cappel, Vivien	Olinde, Ruth
Chaplain, Robert	Parkman, Isabelle
Claverie, Ethel	Pearson, Lucille
Cognovich, Blanche	Pecquet, Kate
Cordill, Zuleika	Portal, Marie
Daspit, Maude	Porter, Joe
De Rouen, Blanche	Price, Irene
Dossat, Hazel	Raphiel, eBrtha
Diosceles, Dorothy	Reulet, Natalie
Ducournau, Lelia	Riley, Mary
Field, Agnes	Sevier, Lucy
Gilmour, Olive	Smith, Eleanor
Gonzales, eBatrice	Southern, May Belle
Griffing, Mary Belle	Stevens, Annie
Haibe, Ann Joseph	Stuart, Mary
Haile, Eva	Stuart, Clara
Harkrider, Helen	Talbert, Kate
Hornberger, Mathilde	Williams, Erline
King, Mary	Wilbert, Lolita
Landry, Lillie	Wright, Sadie
List, Marion	







 GLEE-CLUB ||

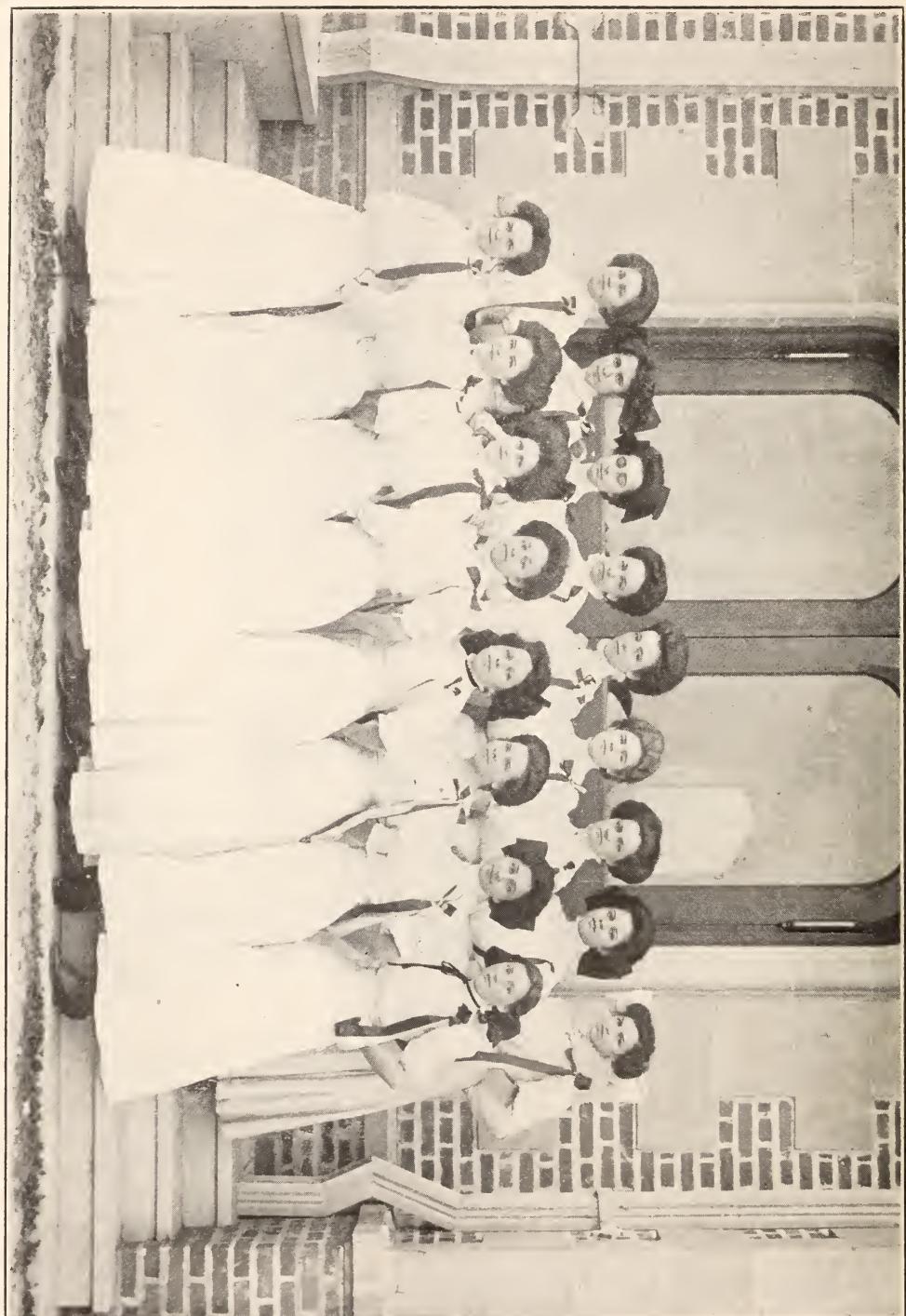


EUTERPEANS.

Colors.....	Garnet and White.
Accompaniest.....	Mary Stuart.
Director.....	Miss Knott.

MEMBERS.

Edith Porter.....	First Soprano.
Jewel Fry.....	"
Helen Chanim.....	"
Lucile Gibson.....	"
Ethel Sharp.....	Second Soprano.
Bessie Gibbs.....	"
Suzanne Dupaquier.....	"
Ivy Cloutier.....	"
May Bowden.....	First Alto.
Evie Prothro.....	"
Vivian Smith.....	"
Pearl Folse.....	"
Seissel Breazeale.....	Second Alto.
Sudie Stephens.....	"
Jeannette Brandin.....	"
Letitia Decuir	



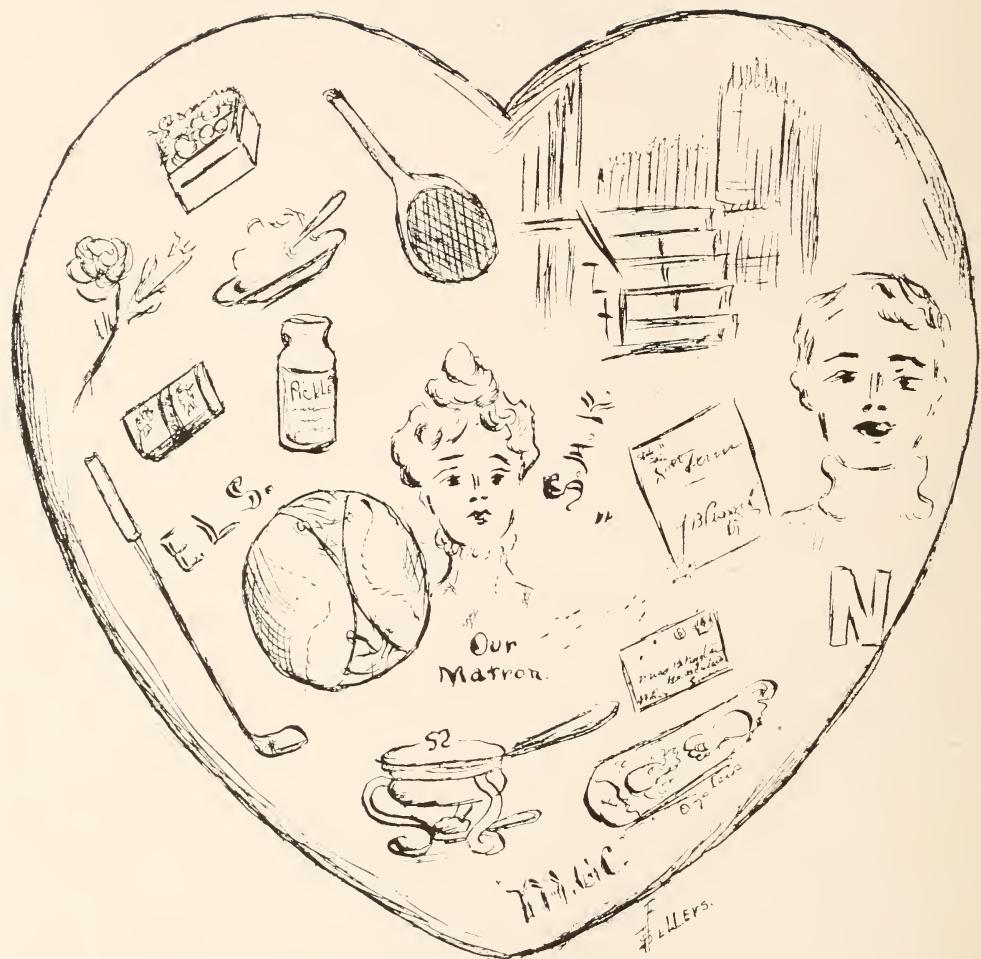
Program

PART I.

1. Quartette, "Hebe" Dressler.
Glee Club.
2. Duets—
 - (a) I Know a Bank.....Horn.
 - (b) BoatingBlumenthal.
3. Solo and Quartette, "Co. Boss" from *Peggy Machenee*.
Lucile Gibson with Helen Chauvin, Ethel Sharp,
Sadie Stephens, Mary Bowden.
4. Quartette, "Rocking-Time".....Nevin.
Glee Club.
5. Duets—
 - (a) Go, Pretty Rose.....Marzials.
 - (b) When Thou Art Dearest.....Caracciolo.

PART II.

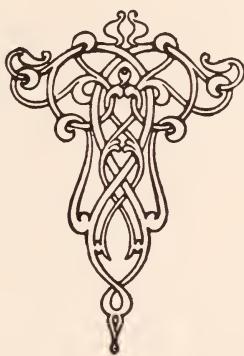
1. Trios—
 - (a- "Ah! 'Tis a Dream".....Hawley.
 - (b) BewareRossini.
2. Solo, Bandalero Stuart.
Robert Chaplin.
3. Quartette, Stein Song.....Bullard.
Messrs. Ellender, Chaze, Chaplin, Stevens.
4. Costume Song, "Don't Be Anybody's Moon But Mine."—From
"Stubborn Cindarella."
Glee Club.
5. Quartette, "Annie Laurie".....Buck.
Glee Club.



A Normal Girl's Dream.



Religious Organizations



DEVOTIONAL CIRCLE.

The Devotional Circle, organized by Miss Tremble in 1898 is an organization of Normal girls which meets every Sunday evening. The programme consists of songs, Scripture reading, discussions, prayers, readings and talks.

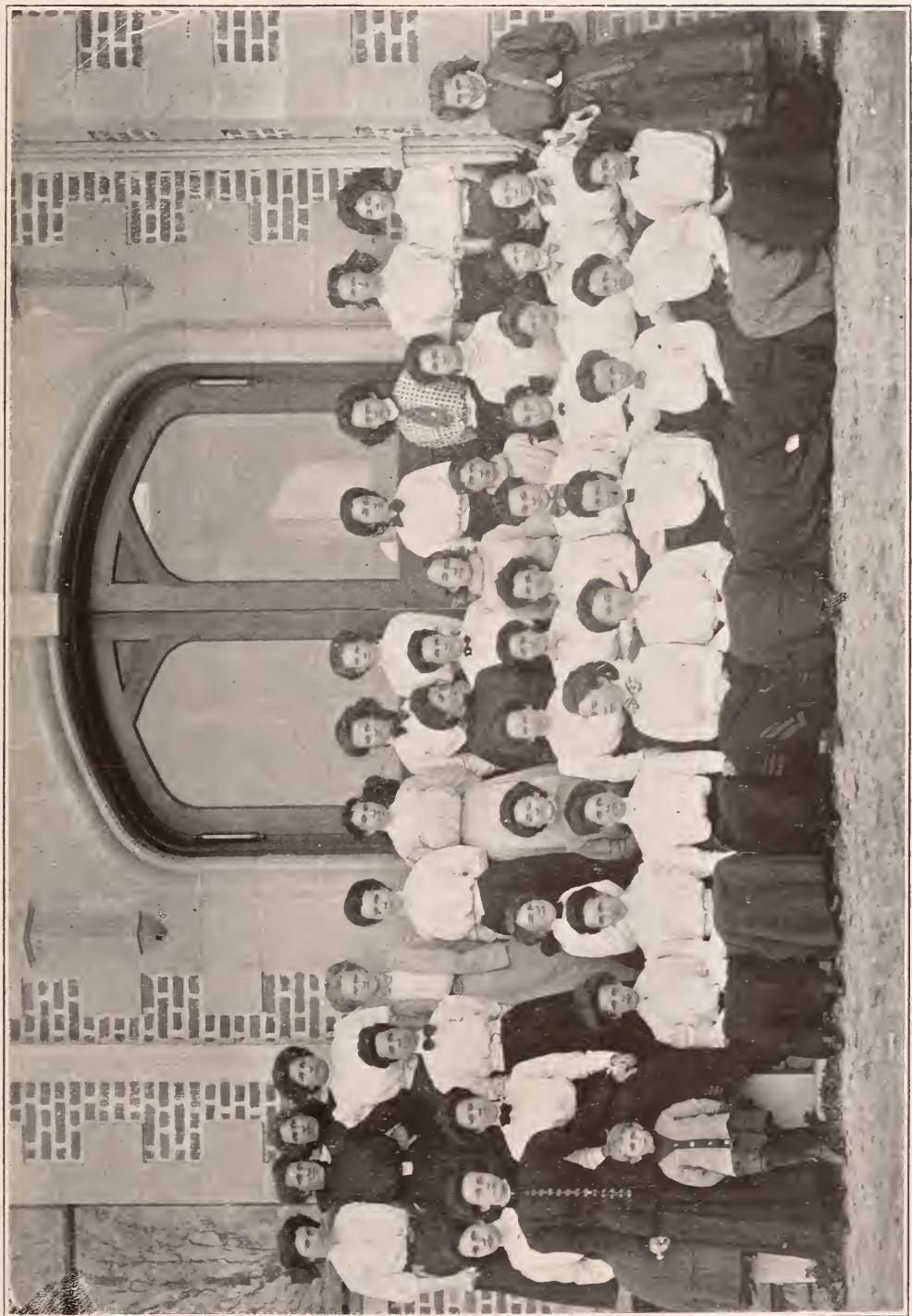
The purpose is to draw the girls nearer together, thus helping enter upon the work of the next week with greater zeal.

OFFICERS.

Alma Levins.....	President.
Elve Moore.....	Vice-President.
Gretchen Hull.....	Secretary.
Mair Kennedy.....	Chorister.

ROLL.

Barnes, Minnie	Hamiter, Annie May	Ogilvie, Lucy
Baugh, Addie	Harvey, Lettie	Overley, Norma
Bauman, Bessie	Herndon, Hazel	Porter, Willie May
Berry, Lucile	Hubbs, Anna	Prothro, Evie
Black, Emmie	Hull, Gretchen	Pryor, Georgia
Bridwell, Eula	Hull, Ida	Richardson, Hilda
Cargill, Lillian	Jones, Bettie	Sample, Telitha
Carr, Cora	Kennedy, Mai	Scheen, Laura
Carr, Lucy	King, Mary	Smelley, Mattie
Cooper, Octavine	Landry, Lillie	Smith, Clarissa
Davis, Jonnie	Levins, Alma	Spear, Ernestine
Dixon, Jessie	McCasland, Ona	Spiller, Harriet
Duret, Maggie	McFarland, Mary	Stevens, Annie
Edward, Floy	Merchant, Ada	Street, Lillie
Fisher, Ethel	Miles, Annie	Westrope, Della
Garland, Nancy	Moore, Elve	Williams, Angie
Gleason, Flavia	Norman, Gussie	Williams, Pearl
Harkrider, Helen	Norman, Rosalie	Winfield, Tom
Haile, Ann Joseph	O'Daniel, Mattie	Wise, Ollie.



APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The Apostleship of Prayer, a League of the Sacred Heart, is a universal Catholic organization. Its chief motives are to propagate the Catholic faith, to pray for the sinners and faithful departed, and to do charitable works.

A branch of this league was re-organized at the Normal in the Fall of 1906. Since then its membership has been continually increasing.

The regular meetings are held every Sunday evening, at which prayers are said, hymns sung, and religious topics discussed. This year the regular subjects selected were from "Faith of our Fathers" by Cardinal Gibbons. Bishop Van de Ven, of Natchitoches, attends the meetings about once a month and addresses the society on some religious question. This forms an important part of the Catholic students' life in the Normal School.

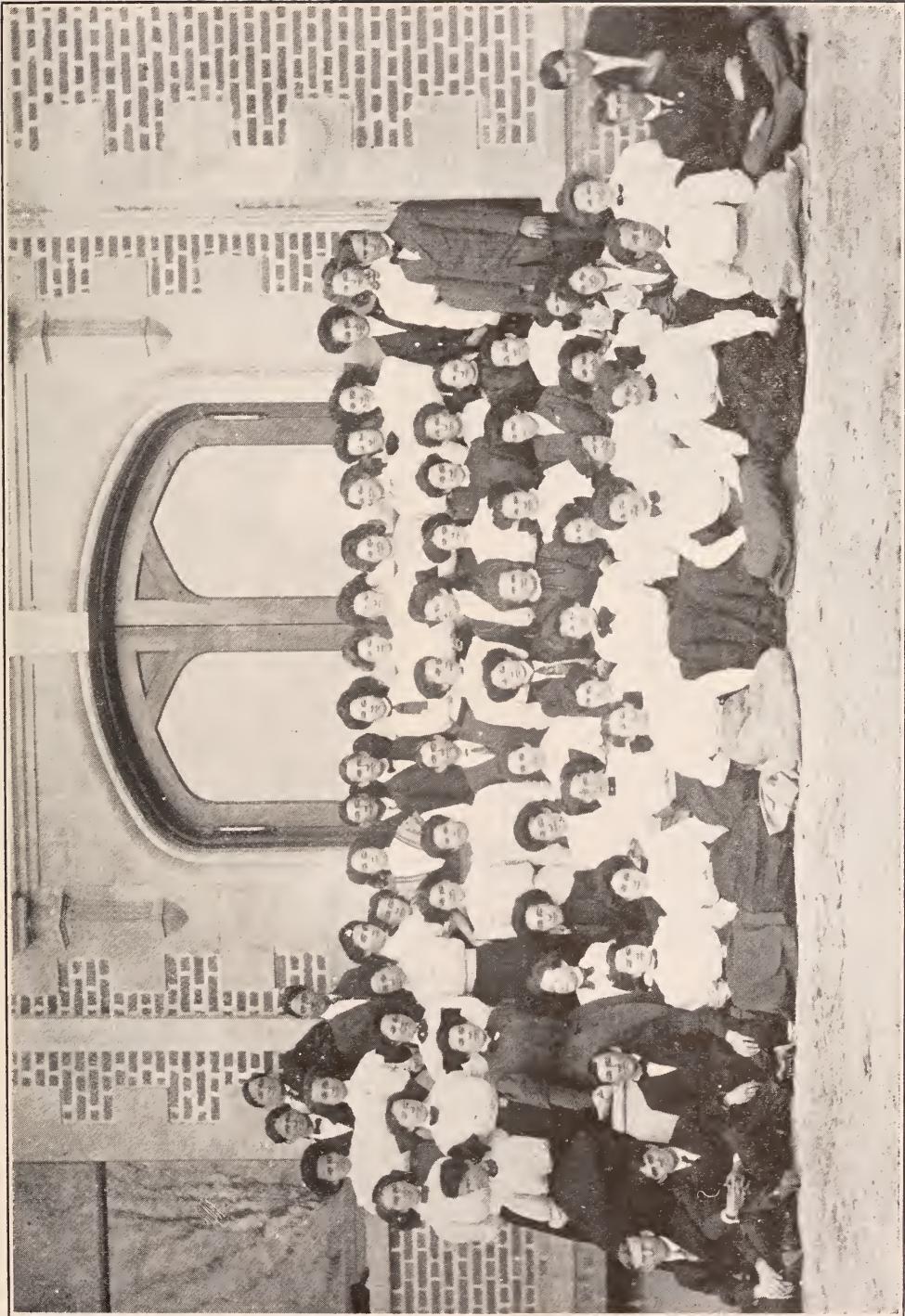
OFFICERS.

Leah Achee.....	President.
Ella Morillon.....	Vice-President.
Suzanne Dupaquier.....	Sec. & Treas.

MEMBERS.

Allain, Georgine	Dossat, Hazel	Miller, Blanche
Austin, Clothilde	Durand, M. J.	Montegnet, Marie
Aycock, Lizzie	Ellender, Thomas	Morgan, Mary
Babin, Celanie	Estorge, Nita	Mougeot, Coralie
Babin, Lucy	Fied, Agnes	Neyland, Inez
Beau, Leonie	Folse, Pearl	Normand, C. V.
Biaggini, Corine	Fontenot, V. M.	Olinde, Ruth
Bonicard, Nettie	Fortier, Edvidge	Pecquet, Kate
Bourque, G. G.	Haibe, Anne Joseph	Pecou, Myrtie
Brou, Amelie	Hyams, Ora	Pelefegue, August
Broussard, Charles	LeBlanc, Anna	Portie, Emma
Buvens, May	Lindsly, Laura	Portal, Marie
Chaze, Lewis	Major, Beatrice	Pourcian, A. L.
Cognevich, Blanche	Major, Philippine	Pourcian, Irene
Comeaux, A. O.	Major, Virginia	Reed, Lydia
Dardenne, Nonte	McCaffery, Winona	Reulet, Nathalie
Daspit, Maude	McHugh, Nettie	Shutzmann, Selma
Deciur, Letitia	Melancon, Myra	Smith, Margaret
Diassellias, Dorothy	Mestayer, B. L.	Wilbert, Lolita
		Williams, Grace





KING'S DAUGHTERS.

The Onward and Upward Circle of King's Daughters of the Normal School was organized in November of the year 1889.

For several years they took up no special work, only helping those in the neighborhood who were needy. Later, they kept one girl in school for a year, securing for her a summer school at the end of that time. The next year she married and the circle assisted another girl until she was made a parish beneficiary.

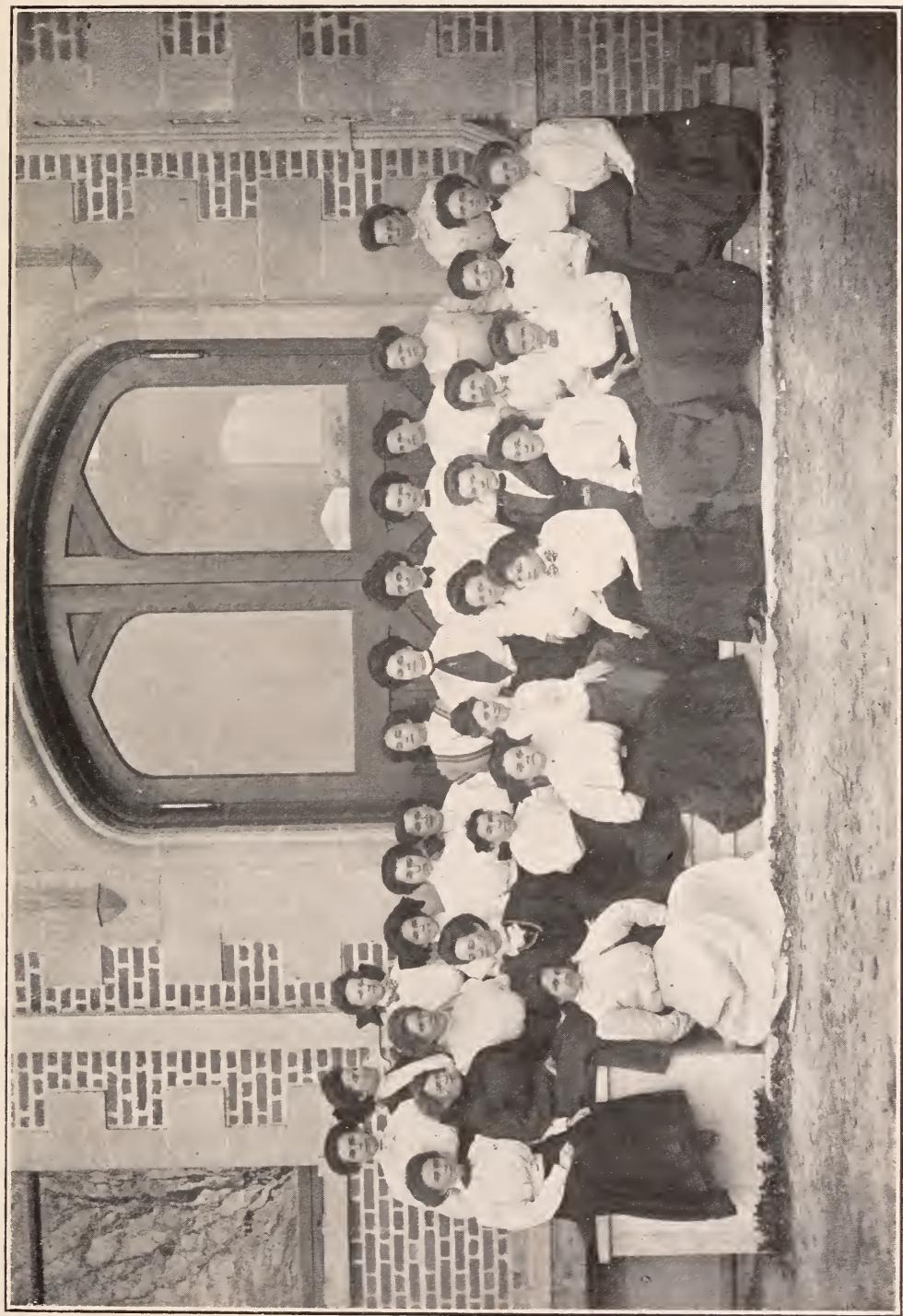
At present, The King's Daughters are keeping three children in school, and at the same time providing for the widowed mother and two small children.

Leader Angie Williams.

ROLL.

Arbour, Roslyn	Hyams, Ora
Baldrich, Ora	Herandon, Hazel
Behrnes, Minnie	King, Mary
Benneke, Caroline	Landry, Lil
Berry, Lucile	Merchant, Ada
Biaggini, Corine	McFarland, Mary
Black, Emmie	O'Daniel, Mattie
Bowman, Bessie	Ogilvie, Lucy
Brou, Amelie	Parkman, Isabel
Byrum, Edyth	Pirie, Mary
Caldwell, Margurite	Porter, Willie Mae
Carr, Cora	Williams, Earline
Cogniviche, Blanche	Mrs. Smith
Collens, Dora	Wilbert, Loleta
Cooper, Carrie	Williams, Angie
Craft, Fidelia	Williams, Pearl
Dixon, Jessie	Williamson, Miss Isabel
Dracellers, Dorothy	Wilson, Lucile
Doussat, Hazel	Hyams, Ora
Fisher, Hazel	







NORMAL PROHIBITION LEAGUE.

Organized Dec. 1908.

OFFICERS.

Gretchen A. Hull,	President.
Beraud Mestayer,	Vice-President.
Willie Mai Porter,	Secretary.
Nettie Bonicard,	Treasurer.

ROLL.

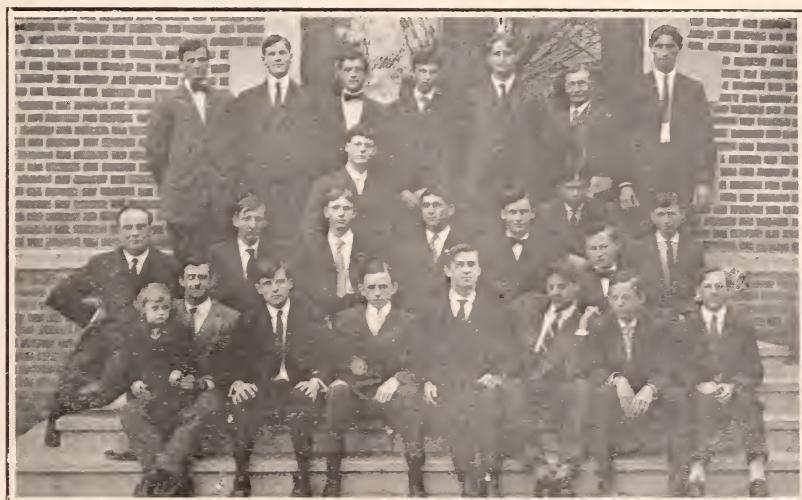
Georgine Allain	Lettie Harvey
Celanie Babin	Gretchen Hull
Emmie Black	Mary King
Nettie Bonicard	Anna Leblanc
Lillian Cargill	Beraud Mestayer
Carrie Cooper	Mattie O'Daniell
Octavine Cooper	Lucy Ogilvie
Jessie Dixon	Willie Mai Porter
Mr. Fowler	Lawrence Stephens
Lucile Gibson	Angie Williams
Anne Joseph Haibe	Ollie Wise



Y. M. C. A.

OFFICERS.

Lawrence Stevens	President.
Emmett Moore.....	Vice-President.
Louis Chase.....	Secretary.
Theodore Hanchey.....	Treasurer.



MEMBERS.

Bourque, Gilbert	Green, Robert	Regins, Allen
Beauvis, Benett	Gurdia, J. E.	Scott, Ora
Brussard, Charles	Hanchey, Theodore	Smith, Rufus
Cantiberry, W. F.	Hanchey, George	Smith, Duglas
Chaze, Lewis	Hargrove, Marion	Stevens, Lawrence
Comeaux, A. O.	Holston, G. C.	Teddley, Fletcher
Durand, Marcel	Jackson, Frank	Trezevant, Rumbert
Ellender, Thomas	Kranson, Nathan	Tyceon
Enloe, Ira	Lafargue, Bascom	West,
Faulk, A. C.	Moore, Emmett	Wise, G. J.
Fontenot, Viale	Normal, Clifton	Wise, J. B.
Green, Alex	Parker, Martin	



THE "VARSITY" FOOTBALL TEAM.

Name.	Position.	Name.	Position.
Theodore Hanchey, Cap.....	F. B.	Frank Hughes.....	L. G.
J. B. Wise.....	L. E.	Galbert Bourque.....	R. G.
Victor Dupries.....	L. T.	Lawrence Stevens.....	R. T.
G. C. Holston.....	C.	Basecom Lafargue.....	2nd. B.
Berand Mestayer.....	2nd. B.	Ira Enloe.....	L. H. B.
Leven McCook.....	R. E.	Leance Gremillion.....	R. H. B.
Lewis Chaze.....	R. H. B.	E. C. Faulk.....	L. H. B.
Nathan Kranson.....	L. E.	Albert Sancur.....	R. T.
Manager—Clemile Normand.		Coach—Prof. W. F. Coolidge.	

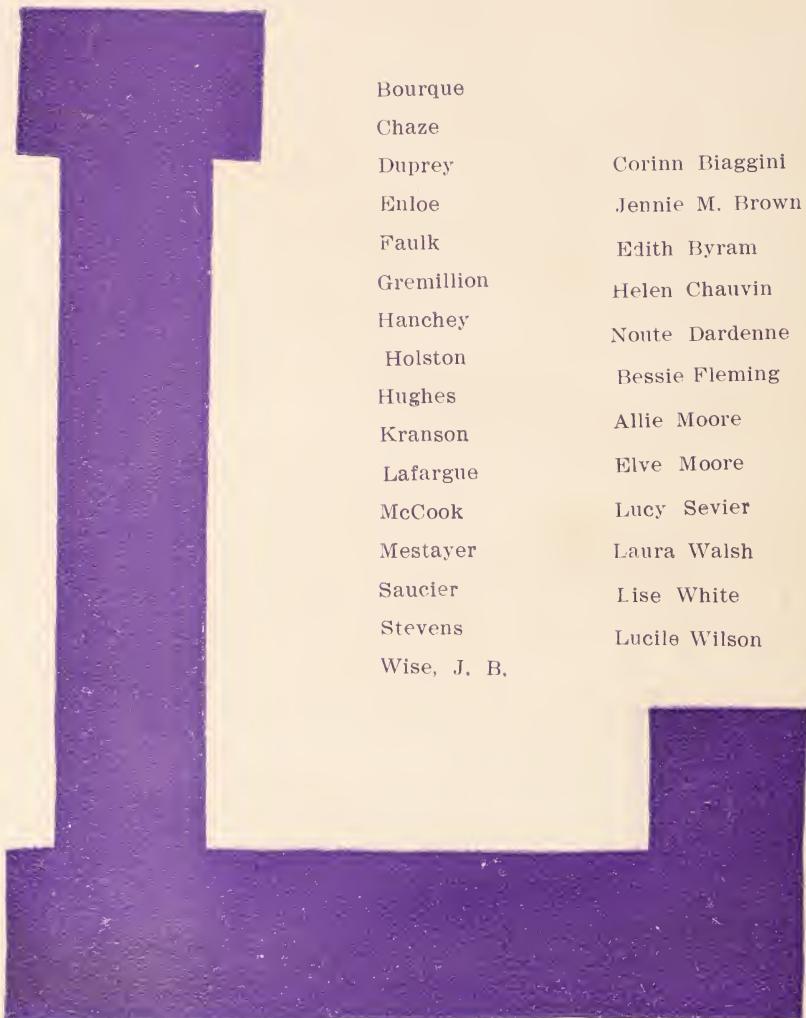
THE RECORD.

Name.	Place.	Date.	L. S. N. S.	Opp.
Centenary College.....	Shreveport,	Oct. 17.....	0.....	16
Natchitoches Athletic Club.....	Natchitoches,	Oct. 23..	0.....	0
Louisiana College.....	Natchitoches,	Nov. 20.	7.....	0
Shreveport High School.....	Natchitoches,	Nov. 26	.5.....	16

The team of 1908, which was perhaps the heaviest the Normal ever had, was not the best. The material was quite inexperienced, only a few old men being back, and it was especially weak in the most essential place, the back field. When Normand left school, the full-back position was left vacant with no one to fill it satisfactorily. Captain Hanchey dropped back from tackle and did his best but never shone in the position. On the whole, the team was an honest playing team but slow. It reached its best in the game with Louisiana College, winning easily by a score of 7 to 0 against a team heavier and just as fast. The game with Centenary College was excusable, as it was played with only a week of practice. The same cannot be said of the defeat by our old rivals, Shreveport High. This game should have been won but we were outgeneraled on the field.

A better team and a perfect score for 1909 is now our aim. The fall schedule is already nearly completed with several good games. Many of the old team will be back and with our increased number of students, Captain-elect Normand should have a team that will do honor to the school.

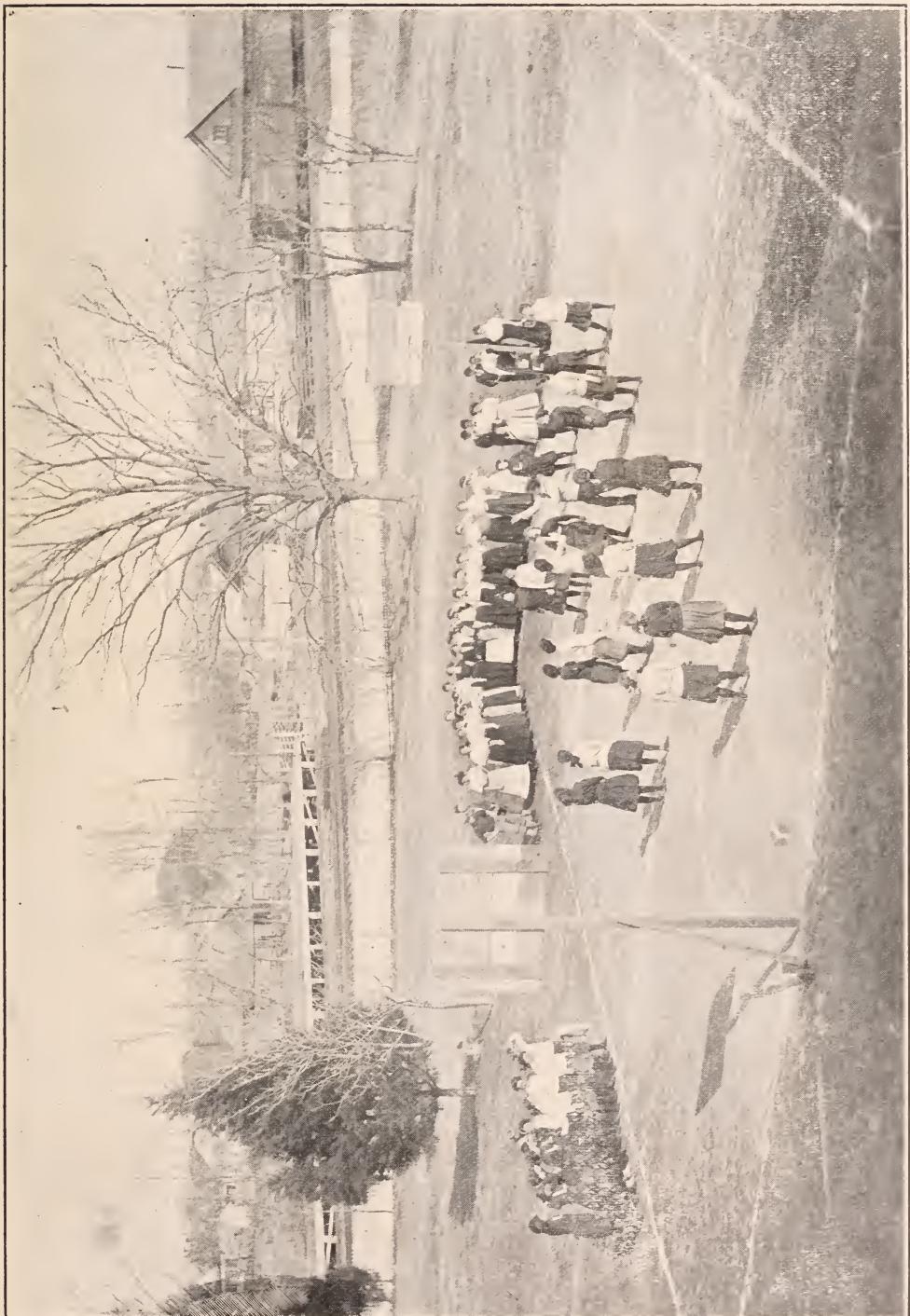




Bourque	
Chaze	
Duprey	Corinn Biaggini
Enloe	Jennie M. Brown
Faulk	Edith Byram
Gremillion	Helen Chauvin
Hanchey	Nonte Dardenne
Holston	Bessie Fleming
Hughes	Allie Moore
Kranson	Elve Moore
Lafargue	Lucy Sevier
McCook	Laura Walsh
Mestayer	Lise White
Saucier	Lucile Wilson
Stevens	
Wise, J. B.	

The official L is the highest honor a student can win in athletics. It is granted only to those who have deservedly won it by hard practice and patient striving, and by conscientious work in actual contests.

A NORMAL VIEW



GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President	Jennie May Brown.
Vice-President	Mary Harriet Morgan.
Secretary-Treasurer	Elve Moore.
Basket Ball Manager	Nonte Dardenne.
Tennis Manager	Alma Sharp.

ROLL.

Byram, Edith	Landry, Lillie
Beauvais, Cecile	Lavant, Edna
Biaggini, Corinne	Lindsay, Laura
Brown, Bertha	Lvall, Vivian
Bujol, Ola	Littell, Eleanor
Brinison, Kate	Littell, Mary
Baugh, Addie	Moore, Allie
Brown, Jennie M.	Moore, Elve
Cooper, Carrie	Meyer, Ndith
Cognevich, Blanche	Marston, Essie
Carr, Lucy	Mathews, Effie
Carr, Cora	Price, Irene
Dardenne, Nonte	Perkins, Lorena
Dosset, Hazel	Stahl, Ruby
Fleming, Bessie	Shutzman, Selma
Fixary, Bessie	Southern, May
Girod, Grace	Sharp, Ethel
Griffen, Mary Bell	Smith, Margaret
Hornberger, Mathilde	Sevier, Lucy
Harkrider, Hellen	Womback, Maude
Hyams, Aurora	Winfield, Tom
Hameter, Annie May	Woods, Eugenie
Jones, Laurena	Walsh, Laura
Kirkland, Lizzie	Wilson, Lucile
Klock, Edith	White, Lise
Labe, Julie	



THE "VARSITY" BASKET BALL TEAM.

GUARDS.

Corinne Biaggini
Bessie Fleming
Lucy Sevier
Laura Walsh
Lise White

CENTERS.

Edyth Byram
Lucy Carr
Helen Chauvin
Nonte Dardenne
Selma Schutsman

FORWARDS.

Jennie May Brown
Hazel Dosset
Allie Moore, Captain
Elve Moore
Lucile Wilson.

GAMES.

L. S. N. S.....	12	Reserves	10	Jan. 8, 1909.
L. S. N. S.....	20	Baton Rouge High School.	11	Jan. 22, 1909.
L. S. N. S.....	10	Reserves	6	Feb. 26, 1909.

Interscholastic basket ball for the girls began in the Normal School with the commencement season of 1908, when Shreveport High School came with a good team but was forced to return defeated by a score of 23 to 7. This was a special occasion and it was not known till the following November that games with outside teams would be a regular feature. About forty girls responded to the call for candidates for a "Varsity" team, and only by the hardest kind of work has it been possible to get and hold one of the nine places of honor on the team.

The great game with Baton Rouge High School was scheduled for December 19th and the team was ready, but unforeseen events caused a long postponement to January 22. The graduation of some and the dropping out of school of others, badly demoralized the excellent team previously developed so in fear and trembling the game was finally played. But quickly the Normal girls showed their superiority in strength and in their knowledge of the game and gave the enthusiastic onlookers a wonderful exhibition of the beautiful game.

The visitors from the capital were good players and plucky losers and furnished a well matched contest from beginning to end, altho the final result was never seriously doubted.

Other games are under negotiation for the rest of the year and no doubt other laurels will be won before commencement.

While great honor should be given and is given to the doughty "Varsity," it must be remembered that equal honor should rest on the "Reserves," those players who have not been quite fortunate enough to make the first team, yet are good enough to play them to a standstill in every practice and give them the experience which has proved so serviceable in games with visiting teams.

RESERVES.

GUARDS.

1 Laura Lindsly
2 Tom Winfield
3 Carrie Cooper
4 Maude Womack
5 Edna Savant
6 Mary Stuart

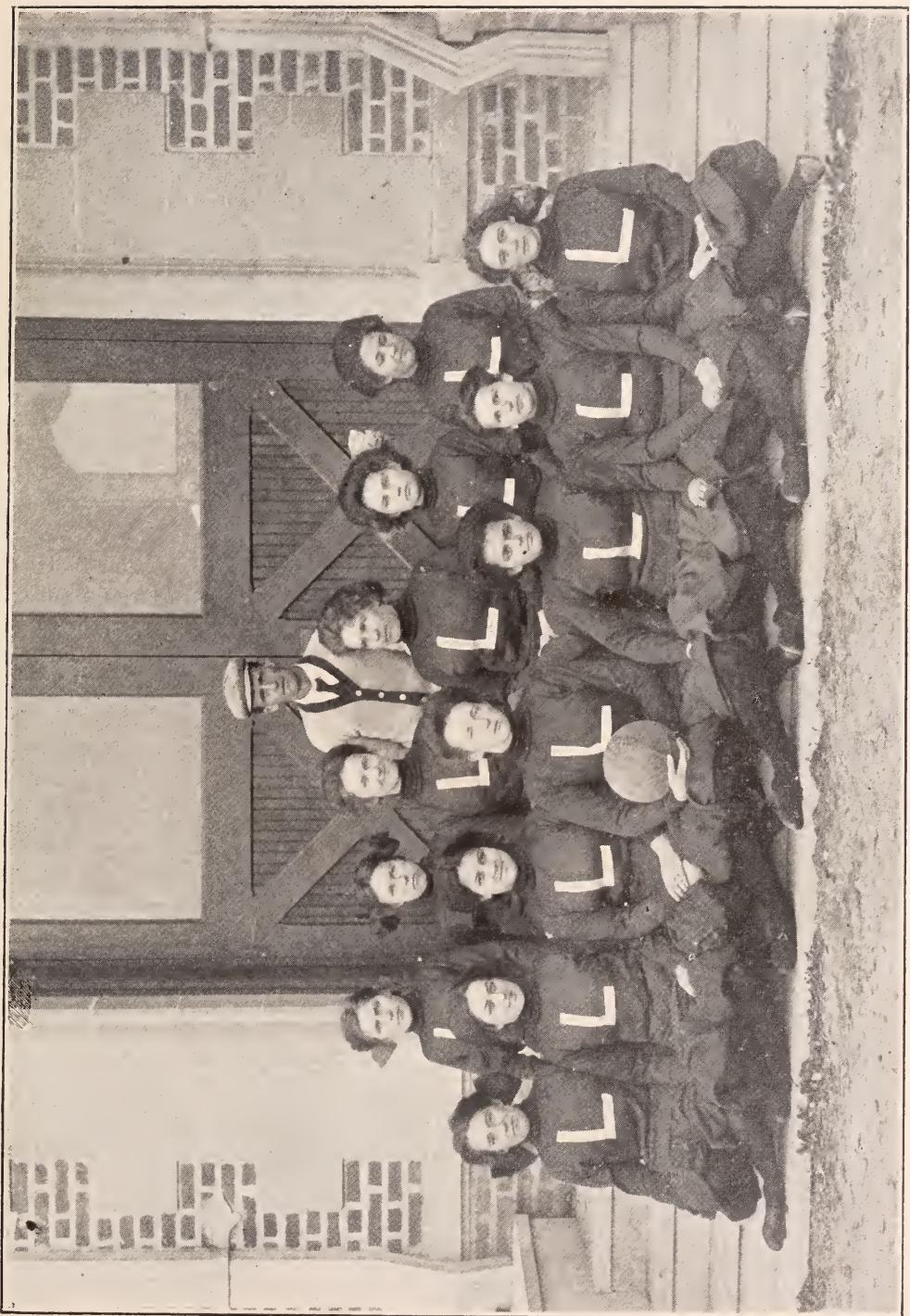
CENTERS.

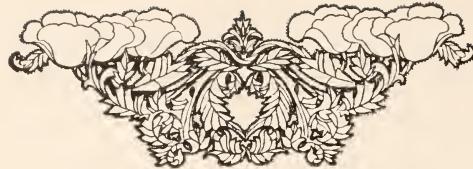
1 Mary Littell
2 Eleanor Littell
3 Cecile Beauvais
4 Annie M. Hamiter
5 Celanie Babin
6 Edna Ledet

FORWARDS.

1 Kate Talbert
2 Kate Brunson
3 Blanche Cognevich
4 Addie M. Baugh
5 Edith Klock
6 Mary Morgan.

VARSITY BASKET BALL TEAM





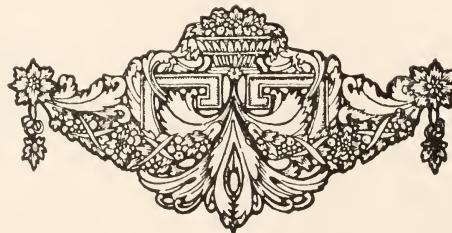
TENNIS CLUB.

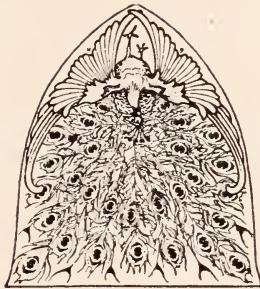
ROLL.

1. Abraham, Beatrice	11. LeBlanc, Judith
2. Achie, Leah	12. Miles, Annie
3. Brunson, Kate	13. Pecou, Myrtie
4. Diasellias, Dorothy	14. Pinkston, Debbie
5. Estorge, Nita	15. Pinkston, Mary
6. Frere, Mary	16. Porter, Willie May
7. Gibbs, Bessie	17. Sharp, Ethel
8. Granier, Hattie	18. Stahl, Ruby
9. Hull, Gretchen	19. Womack, Maud
10. Hull, Ida	

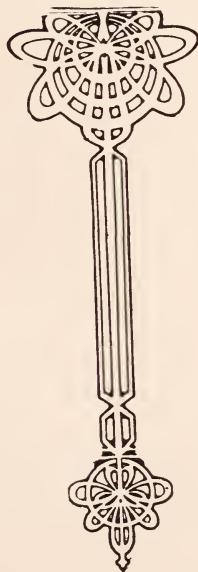
Tennis has been for many years a favorite sport of the Normal students. Each term about forty may be heard indulging in those interesting words so characteristic of tennis and life, "Love one", "Love all".

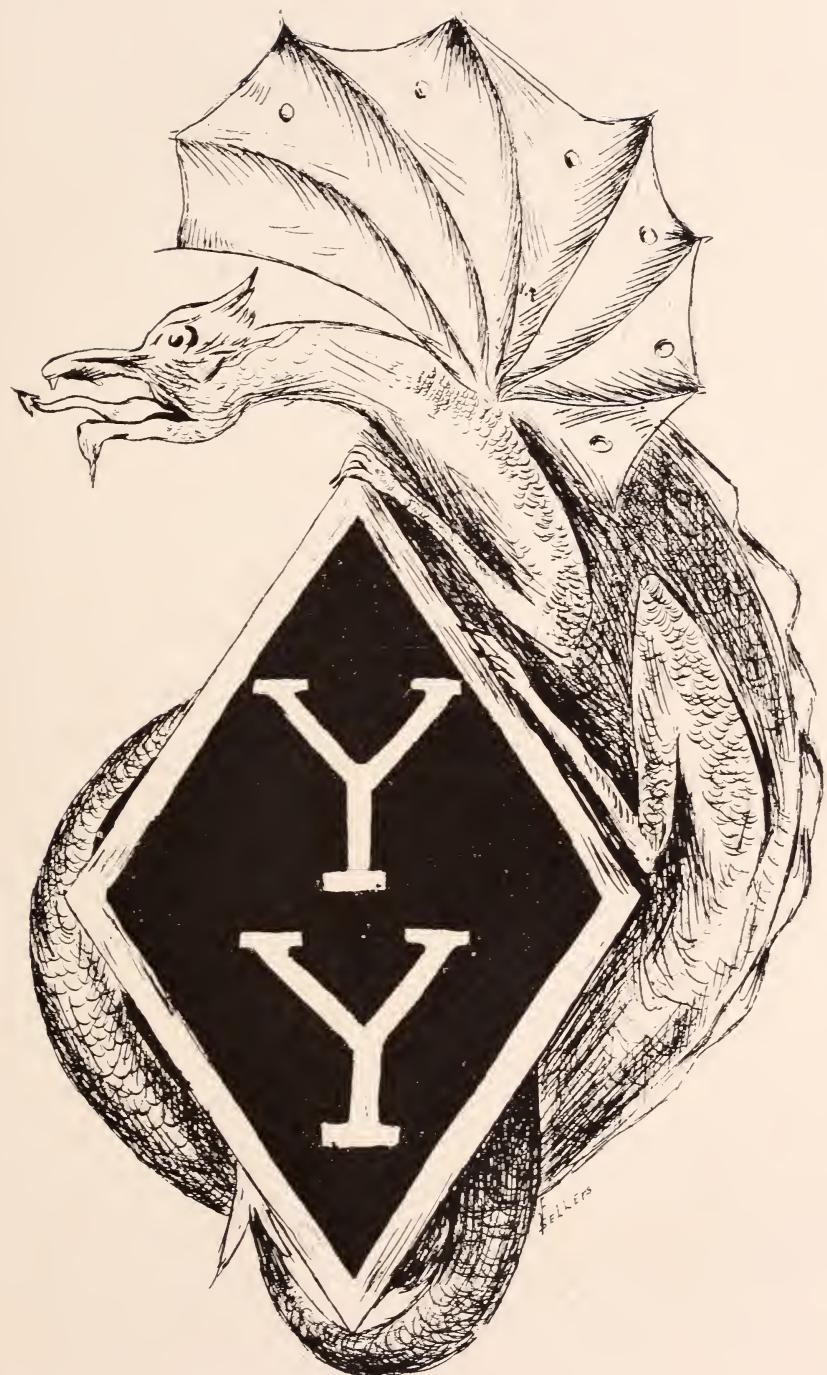
The tennis club as such is new but destined to be great. Its purpose is to unify action in the sport, secure better courts and facilities for playing and to institute an annual tournament for the school. It works in harmony with the other regular athletic organizations of the school for all that is good in general and of tennis, the king of sports, in particular.

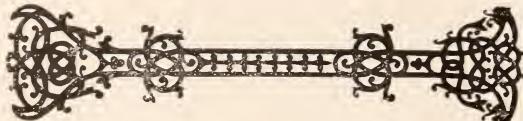




Sororities







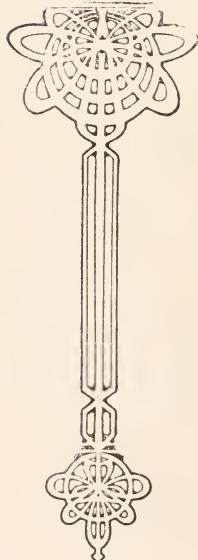
YUM YUM

Organized 1900.

Myrtie Agnes Pecou	Concession, La.
Sue Bein Marshall.....	Abbeville, La.
Beatrice Elsie Abraham.....	Newellton, La.
Judith Marie LeBlanc.....	Abbeville, La.
Mildred Lee Daussat.....	Houma, La.
Maude Butler Womack.....	Gueydan, La.
Eula Lee Smith.....	Sterlington, La.
Rebecca Bass.....	Lake Providence, La.
Jessie Louise Foster.....	New Orleans, La.

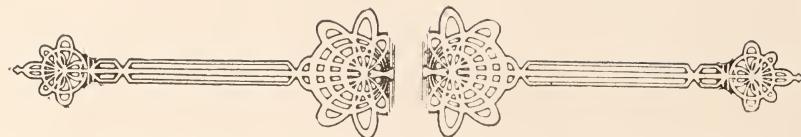
HONORARY .

Miss Fadra R. Holmes.....	Abbeville, La.
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KLU KLUX KLAN.

Established 1902.

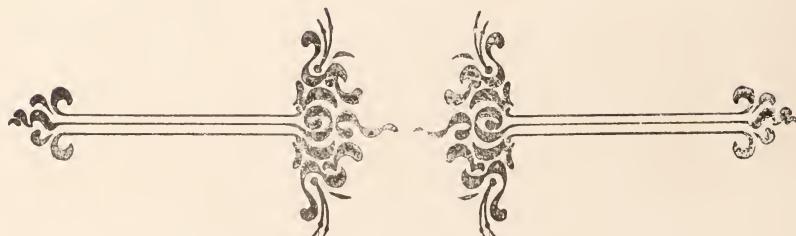
Bobby Alford.....	Amite, La.
May Bowden	Tangipahoa, La.
Helen Chauvin	Alexandria, La.
Lottie V. Dixon.....	Belcher, La.
Lelia Dueournau.....	Natchitoches, La.
Bessie Fleming	Baton Rouge, La.
Cora Lee Henry.....	Natchitoches, La.
De Maret Hawkins.....	Shreveport, La.
Eleanor La Cour.....	La Cour, La.
Hilda Richardson.....	St. Francisville, La.
Janey Robertson.....	Baton Rouge, La.
Willie Belle Stewart.....	Jackson, La.
Annie Bell Tucker.....	Ruston, La.
Natalie Varnado.....	Osyka, Miss.

GRADUATES '08.

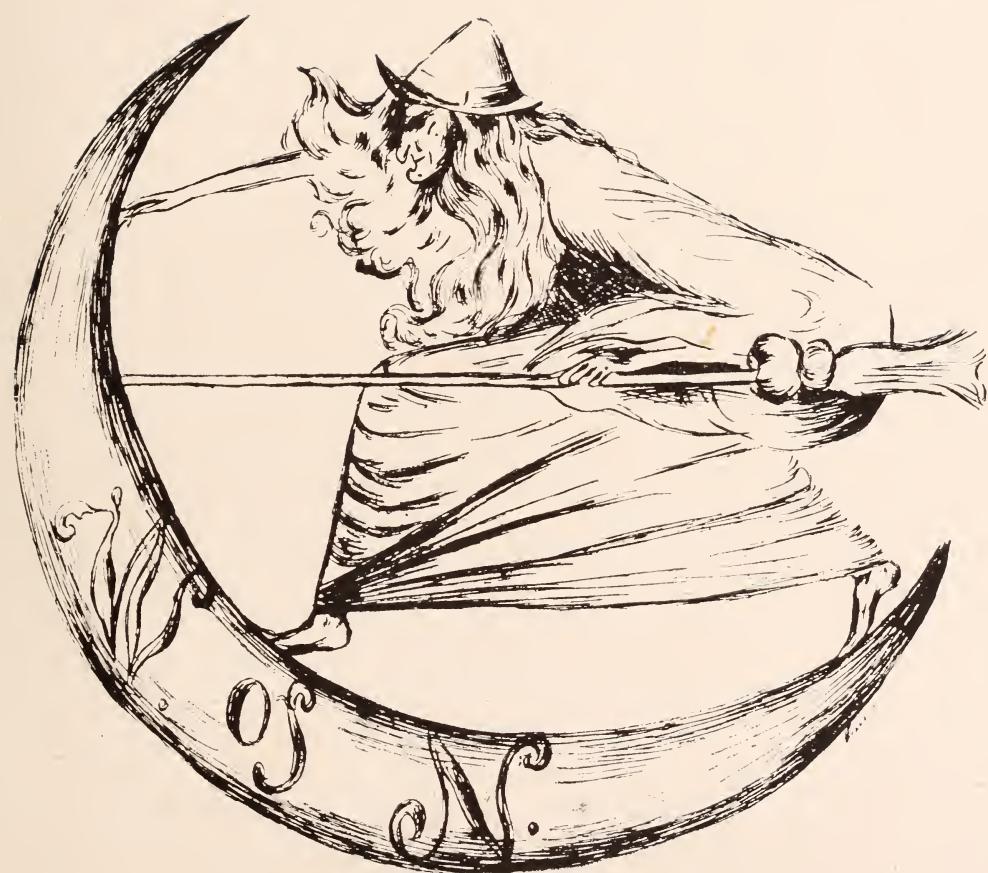
Mary de Bretton, Zackary, La.; Lee Prosser, Alexandria, La.

HONORARY.

Kate Hall, Shreveport, La.





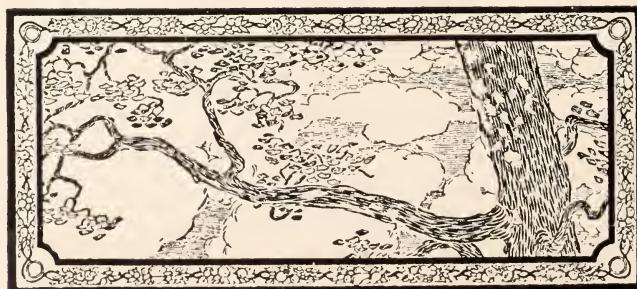




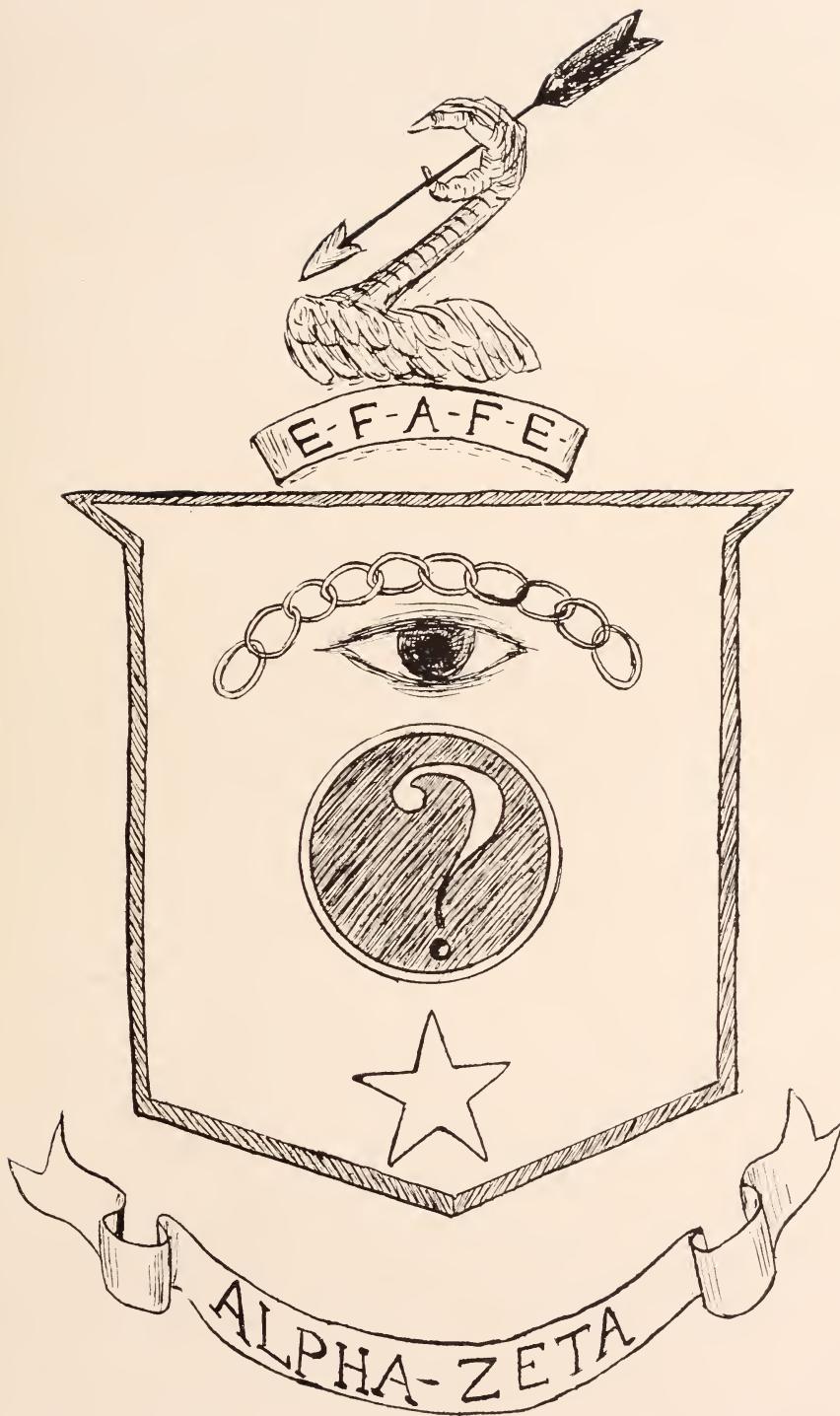
WITCHES

Organized 1900.

Roslyn Beverly Arbour.....	Baton Rouge.
Virginia Elizabeth Bauman	New Iberia.
Katherine Doherty Bacot.....	Baton Rouge.
Margaret Elizabeth Caldwell.....	Plain Dealing.
Mary Curtis Caldwell.....	Plain Dealing.
Letitia Corinne De Cuir.....	New Iberia.
Mary Temperance Frere.....	Franklin.
Elizabeth McCutchen Gibbs.....	Monroe.
Louise Lemon.....	Baton Rouge.
Ruth Matta.....	Baton Rouge.
Louise Hubert Moise.....	Baton Rouge.
Florence Victoria Sellers.....	Ama.
Alma Holt Sharp.....	New Iberia.
Ethel Nicholls Sharp.....	New Iberia.
Hazel Trowbridge Sharp.....	New Iberia.
Madge Elizabeth Sentell.....	Collinsburg.
Daisy Sims Strong.....	Monroe.
Mary Elizabeth Stroud.....	Dixie.
Mary Tabor Pirie	Baton Rouge.









ALPHA ZETA.

Established Nov. 18, 1907.

TERM VIII.

Fidelia Craft.....	Baton Rouge, La.
Emma Kennedy.....	Slaughter, La.
Fannie Blackman.....	Franklin, La.

VII.

Lueile Wilson.....	Independence, La.
Elve Moore.....	St. Joseph, La.

V.

Nonie Reins.....	Fort Jessup, La.
Ann Hawkins.....	Franklin, La.

IV.

Ellen Ariail	Alexander, La.
Sarah Williamson.....	Natchitoches, La.

II.

Kate Murphy.....	Lamourie, La.
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SUMMER TERM '08.

Pauline Spyker.....	Bastrop, La.
Clara Long.....	Winsfield, La.
Lucy Johnston.....	Woodville, Miss.
Estelle McCook.....	Roberline, La.

Sorois in Urlie.

Sarah Williamson—Ada Carver.





MEPHISTAS.

Established Feb. 1, 1908.

Nonte Dardenne	Plaquemine, Louisiana.
Mary Harriet Morgan.....	Donaldsonville, Louisiana.
Lucile Corlatta Corbin.....	Jeanerette, Louisiana.
Dot McGowen.....	Jeanerette, Louisiana.
Ruth Elizabeth Nixon	Ruston, Louisiana.
Lela Belle Higginbotham.....	Bastrop, Louisiana.
Hattie Elizabeth Miears.....	El Dorado, Arkansas.
Helen Harkrider.....	Greenwood, Louisiana.

GRADUATES '08.

Weta Francis Dardenne	El Paso, Texas.
Angie Marie Lorio.....	Marington, Louisiana.





LES CHATS NOIRS.





LES CHATS NOIRS.

EN VILLE.

Organized March 1, 1908.

... ROLL.

Breazeale, Leessel.....	6th Term, Natchitoches.
Gibson, Lucille.....	8th Term, Natchitoches.
Groesbeck, Annie.....	7th Term, Natchitoches.
Lanius, Beulah.....	6th Term, Alexandria.
Pickles, Bessie.....	3rd Term, Natchitoches.
Porter, Edith.....	8th Term, Natchitoches.
Porter, Joanna.....	2nd Term, Natchitoches.
Stephens, Ludie	5th Term, Natchitoches.
Swords, Helen.....	5th Term, Natchitoches.
Wemp, May.....	4th Term, Natchitoches.
Williams, Ruth.....	3rd Term, Natchitoches.
Maude Swords.....	Plain Dealing. Class '09.
Belle Quirk	Evergreen. Class '08.





"The Metamorphosis
of a Butterfly"



SMITH FAMILY.

Foster Mother.....Mrs. Z. Smith.
Motto "There is Beauty in Simplicity."
Family-tree..... Evergreen.
Founder.....John Smith.

BRANCHES.

Rufus Smith, the only son.
Gratia Smith, baby sister.
Clarissa Smith, Artistic child.
Eula Lee Smith, Society daughter.
Margaret Smith, the weakling.
Alma Smith, practical child.
Willie Smith, the shadow.
Eleanor Smith, little innocence.
Ellie Smith, timid child.
Vivian Smith, Prima Donna.
Mrs. Ann Smith, honorary member.



THE COOKERY.
THE FRANCEE'S SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE.
NORMAL DORMITORIES.

CLUB GIRLS.

OUR MOTTO.

Counterbalance the evil effects of a Normal education by taking a few lessons in the more practical problems of future life.

KNOWN FACTS.

1.

The way to a man's heart is via his stomach.

2.

One can live without love, one can live without books, but there's no civilized man, who can live without cooks."

3.

"Eat, drink and be merry," for in a few years we must be thinking of getting married.





CHAFING DISH.

EATING CLUB.

Motto.....	“Eat, drink and be merry.”
Song.....	“Chicken.”
Flower.....	Cauliflower.
Colors.....	Bread white and Ham red.

SANDWICHES.

Fidelia Craft, Ann Hawkins, Lucile Wilson, Elve Moore, Mary Perie.

OFFICERS.

L. Wilson, President; Elve Moore, Secretary; M. Peri, Keeper of Provisions; A. Hawkins, Vice-President; F. Craft, Treasurer.

PART IN SANDWICH.

Pickel Hawkins, Light Bread Moore, Durkee Dressing Wilson, Ham Bone Craft, Mustard Perie.

RANK IN BREAD LINE.

Head eater, Ann Hawkins; Assistant eaters, E. Moore, L. Wilson, F. Craft, M. Perie.

GOATS.

Fanny Blackman, Ellen Ariail, Bessie Bauman, Bessie Flemings, Roslyn Arbout.



CONSTITUTION OF EATING CLUB.—PREAMBLE:

We, members of the State Normal School, in order to form a more weighty avoirdupois, to ensure fullness of Infirmary, to provide for common defense against hunger, to promote the general welfare of our appetite, to secure the blessings of plenty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution of the "Eating Club" of L. S. N.

Art. I. All legislative powers shall be invested in the Sandwiches (active members).

Art. II. The Eating Club shall consist of five Sandwiches and five Goats.

Art. III. No one shall be eligible for membership who has not attained the capacity of at least 6 bananas, 1 pt. of cream, 5 Sandwiches and any additional edibles prescribed by said Sandwiches. When a vacancy is left by a Sandwich, then the most venerable goat shall be elevated to fill the said vacancy.

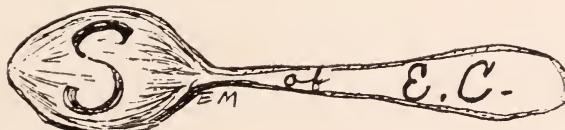
Art. IV. All meetings shall be held in the "Barn Yarn." The place of refuge from school authorities shall be "Tin Can Alley." Said meetings shall be held every Saturday night after "Lights Out."

Art. V. The officers of this Club shall consist of: President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and Keeper of Provisions.

VI. The symbol of this Club shall be a spoon, except in case of emergency it may be replaced by a *Shoe Horn* or Hat Pin. This symbol must be brought to each meeting.

VII. Each Sandwich and Goat shall be named according to her individuality.

VIII. Call meeting "*shall*" be held whenever a Sandwich or Goat receives a *box* from home or from elsewhere, so long as its contents is food.







MARY CLUB.

Song....."Mary is a Grand Old Name."
Flower..... Marigold.
Motto..... Be merry and be sure to marry.

MOTHER GOOSE RHYME.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
You should not study at all you see,
But be merry and gay,
Care for only today,
To-morrow brings troubles to thee.

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS.

President.....	So Long Mary (McFarland).
Vice-President.....	So Short Mary (Morgan).
Secretary.....	So fat Mary (Caldwell).
Faculty Member.....	Mary Swift

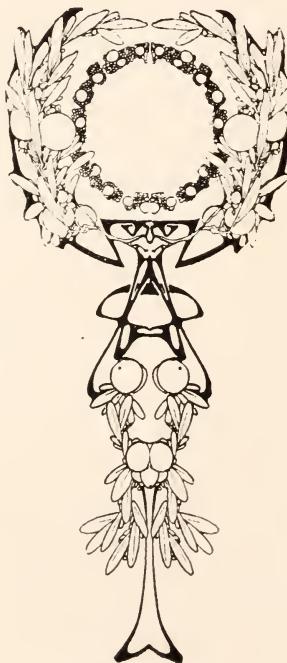
Mary Pinkston
Mary De Briton
Mary Stewart
Mary King
Mary Littell

Mary Griffing
Mary Perie
Mary Brasher
Mary Frere
Mary Southern





LITERARY



"MARY'S GUM."

Mary had some chewing gur
It was juicy fruit, you know,
And everywhere that Mary went
The gum was sure to go.

It went with her to Pickles' class
Which made him tear his hair (?)
Seeing this, she took it out
And stuck it on her chair.

So then Pickles turned her out,
But still she lingered near
And waited patiently about
To get her gum so dear.

And then he called her back to him,
She slyly took her chair;
He cleared his throat and said with vim,
"Of Chewing Gum, Beware!!"

One Sharp girl who sat right next,
Thinking to have some fun,
While Pick was scowling at the text,
Had slyly moved the gum.

"Poor Mary," her best chum thought
As Mary blushed (so rare).
Then for the wad of gum she sought,
But found herself glued to the chair.

"Why does the gum stick to Mary so?"
Her eager class-mates cry.
"Why Mary sticks to the gum, you know."
Mr. Pickles did reply.



MEMORIES.

Now the fleeting day is ended
And the phantom shadows tall,
In the hours of the gloaming
Through the pale, soft moonlight fall.

Beckoning softly in the breezes
Like the echo's of the past,
In their voiceless splendor calling,
“Come and join our hosts at last!”

Soft they lead our memories backward,
To such nights on Normal Hill,
When the glamor of the moonlight
Seemed our glad, free hearts to fill.

There I see the grim old buildings,
The long and lonely watch hours keep,
Guarding e'er their slumbering charges,
Lest some spirit mar their sleep.

Here and there a muffled window,
By the truant beams of light,
Tells the story of some sinner,
Sitting up so late at night.

Can it be, as in our girlhood,
That the midnight oil burns bright,
For the Physics notes uncopied,
Or the methods plan to write?

Still the faithful Roman Pony,
Plodding through the wee, small hours,
Guiding not too brilliant riders
To the countless “Whys” and “Hows”?

Let us leave the base offender,
Let her struggle as she will,
While our care-free spirits visit
Well known spots on Normal Hill.

Back of the great School Building
To the dim, steep hill we go,
Where calm and white in the moonlight,
Stretch the basket-ball fields below.

Mid the shadows of the cedars
Falling somber from the mounds,
Stand the ghost-like forms of the goal-posts
Staunchly guarding the slumbering grounds.

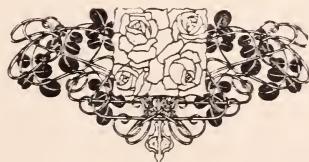
We see down the road to the Lake,
Mr. Freeman go trudging home,
With patient old Pinkey behind him,
Seeking her kennel and bone.

Now a light is seen in the distance,
And we hear a slow, thumping sound;
Then the humming of old, forgotten tunes,
Mr. Row is making his rounds.

As the mists of sweet recollection
Dim the scenes of years gone by,
The faces of friends rise before us,
So girlish, so merry, so shy.

How long have we tarried here dreaming
Of the old days which we've treasured so long?
Held by the wizard enchantment
Of scrapes and pleasures long gone?

With memory's sighs we resign them,
Each in its charm so bright,
And with the most precious, we treasure
The dream that was with us to-night.



CHRONICLES OF THE LOUISIANA STATE NORMAL SCHOOL. 1908-'09.

And so it came to pass in the year nineteen hundred and eight that J. Y. Sanders was elected to rule over the people of the State of Louisiana. He took counsel with the other members of the board of administrators of the Louisiana State Normal School, and they appointed J. B. Aswell to rule and reign over the said institution at Natchitoches, Louisiana.

Now, President J. B. Aswell strengthened himself in the Normal School and ruled the school well for he had reigned over one and all of the schools of Louisiana and knew well how to do it. And he is to reign four years and as many thereafter as the board of administrators see fit for him to reign in this school which has been chosen by them out of all the other schools of Louisiana and there were assembled at the Normal School much people to study and be taught in the ways of teaching.

Then Mr. Aswell, the president, in the sixth month of his reign passed an ordinance providing for the safety of this multitude of lives dwelling behind these flammable walls. He decreed that there should be a fire company organized, composed of the strongest and most cool-headed girls of the Normal School, each having a special duty to perform.

Now it happened on a certain day near the time of Christmas that a fair young damsel chanced to stray away to a Dago shop nearby, where she received the germs of a terrible and dreadful malady. Now after this, in order to provide for the protection of the life and health of his people, Mr. Aswell decreed that all should be vaccinated. Then there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth and gashing of arms and woe was unto them that suffered not this ordeal.

Now when the time for the Christmas holidays had come, those who conveniently near did live departed for their homes leaving the rest to enjoy themselves on Normal Hill as best they could until the end of the first day of the next week.

In January, the faculty of the Normal School and all the critic teachers did according to all things that the State had commanded, and took every one his grade book with his general impressions of the members of the mid-term graduating class and dismissed not their conduct. Moreover each teacher delivered unto the other teachers all that she had seen or heard concerning these people whom they were considering for graduation. Now after it was decided who should graduate, their names were posted and the students heard the noise of the graduates running and praising the teachers and all the Normal School rejoiced and were exceedingly glad.

After these days Mr. Aswell stood up on the floor in the front of the Auditorium and said, "Hear me, oh, ye students and people of the Normal School, ought ye not to know that ye should have common sense enough to shut the hall doors and not fool with the lights, so that Mr. Freeman, the keeper of the Normal buildings, may not have so much vexation of spirit in keeping things properly?"

And the obedient students heeded his words.

And it came to pass after this that Mr. Aswell was minded to repair the Normal dormitories, and he gathered together the twelve members of the conference committee and said to them, "Go out into the rooms of the dormitories and gather a list of all things that are needed to make the rooms comfortable and see that ye hasten the matter." Then Mr. Aswell gathered together the lists of all the needs of the girls of

the dormitories, and went to the city to order the furniture and other necessities for the comfort of the girls. However, the manufacturers hastened it not, but they wrought well and the work was perfected by them, and when they set the furniture in the dormitories upon the hill, the girls were comforted.

Then Mr. Aswell let a contract for the building of concrete walls on the Normal grounds. Now these are the things wherein the contractor was instructed for the laying of these walls. The length by feet after the first measure is to be three thousand feet and the breadth from four to six feet.

Now concerning the club girls and the greatness of the burdens laid upon him and the transgressions of a few, the president assembled the girls together in the capacity of a club meeting and said, "Behold these things are written in the catalogue of the Normal School, 'Ye shall not receive boxes from home nor shall ye cook in your rooms.'" And he took away all of the chafing dishes that pertained to girls of the club. And he withstood the girls and said unto them, "It appertaineth not unto thee, young women of the Normal School, to break the rules or demolish the furniture which belongeth to the people of the State of Louisiana and to the students who shall come after.

In those days the people of the Normal School were given very much to athletics and many contests in all the contestable sports were participated in by the students. There were contests between the different terms, contests between the Societies, between the Shadows and the Ghosts, the Fats and the Leans, the Varsity and the Reserves, the Passers and the Failers. Moreover every faction of a faction challenged every other faction of a faction to a contest. Furthermore they challenged other students from afar to contests, Baton Rouge, Shreveport and other places of greatest reputation. Howbeit all could not be successful at the same time, so some were successful at one time and others at another.

Now it is known to all students that most of our beloved and honored teachers have determined to give term tests soon and they should prepare for their doom. For some have not as yet bowed down to Athena, which the teachers decreed that all should do. Whoever has not obeyed the law must expect an 'r. The other happy and deserving ones shall be rewarded by a pass mark into the golden gates of the next term.

And it shall come to pass that when all of the tribes of the Normal School shall be gathered together in their vast auditorium, on that judgment day, when the secrets of all the teachers record books shall be told unto all people, that there will be much joy and gladness over the ninety and nine that have passed but still more sorrow over the few who have not received a pure white slip.

Now to the students of the Normal School, the State hath given this institution with its vast store house of knowledge and the keys that they might enter therein. Moreover they are charged to use them with diligence and understanding that they may make worthy teachers in the State of Louisiana.



PSALM OF NORMAL LIFE.

I tell you now in mournful numbers,
Practice teaching's a hideous dream,
For we have no time to slumber
And things are worse than they seem.

Work is earnest and life—Oh, me!
The grave is our nearest goal.
Dust, we are not, but dust, we will be,
If we do as we are told.

No enjoyment and all sorrow,
Is our destined end and way.
Every act performed on the morrow
Sends us flatter than today.

The days are long and time is fleeting.
Our hearts no longer stout and brave,
Still gently, quietly are beating
Our funeral marches to the grave.

We can trust no future; 'tis too unpleasant,
And the dead past won't bury its dead.
We act, act in the living present
Hearts in our mouths and teachers overhead.

Critic teachers that remind us,
“Lack of ‘Subject-matter’ is a heinous crime.”
So departing we leave behind us
Failures on the sands of time.

Failures that perhaps another
Dragging out some weary day
Seeing may take heart again,
Failures do but pave the way.

Let us, then, be up and passing
Caring naught if we should fail,
Still a-striving, still a-doing
With no time to weep and wail.



A CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE OF A NORMAL GIRL.

On Xmas night she dreamed a dream,
 Oh! Lord, have mercy on the sinner!
She dreamed she was brought to Mince Pie Land
 To see the ghosts of her Xmas dinner.

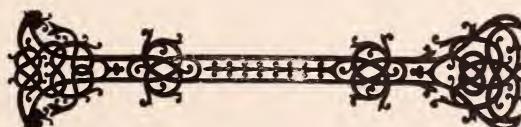
She stood aghast, her brown eyes wide,
 For right near her there stood by
With weary look and woful mien
All she had eaten, from turkey to pie.

Two by two the procession went thru'
 Gazing at her with reproachful eyes
And amid the throng as they passed along
 She saw three big juicy pies.

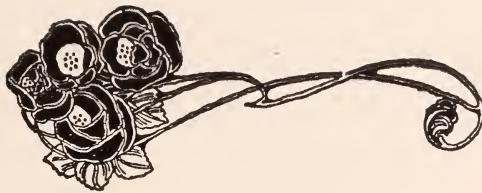
There passed a succession of sauces and "dressen"
 With apples and nuts galore.
Such pudding and cake their places did take
 As never were seen before.

The great throng attending his entrance
 impending
His majesty next came in
May the many gods save her the lecture
 he gave her
And forgive her this terrible sin.

Confessing her guilt and repenting her
 sin
Upon the Bird's neck she fell
Amid throes of contrition she soon was awakened
 By her squashed room-mates yell.







TEACHING.

Fit Language, there is none to describe a practice teacher's first day in the class room. Days of dreaming precede this great event, in which you picture yourself entering the room with a grave aspect, in imitation of a pillar of state, every move, every gesture bespeaking dignity. Oh, that a dream so sweet should be so cruelly destroyed! For when you find yourself in that long desired place the spirit of your dream changes and you wake to find teaching a sad reality.

As you stand before the class it is the irony of an unkind fate which brings before you constantly, the countenance of your critic teacher more sorrowful than angry.

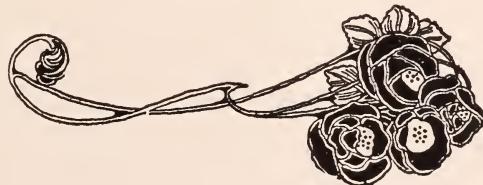
Your chosen vacation, to teach the young idea, seems now to be an unwise choice and multitudinous efforts awake and die before you screw your courage to a beginning point. Alas! Like a dull actor you have forgot your part, until strange sounds about you recall the fact that your class is inclined to wildness and 'tis discipline which makes them seem divine.

Now comes the most unkindest act of all. Mr. Heckert enters upon the scene and "grim and forbidding" he stands, the embodiment of all that a beginner can fear. But Fear is a darkened pitfall and now it's up to you to wake, speak and act or be forever lost.

Scattered thoughts are quickly collected and speech, the golden harvest which follows the flowering of these thoughts is now forthcoming. Your aim is stated, the lesson begun. It is then you realize that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." O, Ignorance! thy name is practice teacher! Bravely (?) you proceed with thoughts of your own manufacture. However discretion is the better part of teaching and keeps you from wandering too far.

How slowly time wanes! Your heart grows faint — but you talk madly on, speech now coming more readily. Though this seeming fluency be madness, yet there is method, in it. Does it not beguile those weary lengthy twenty minutes. And since the die is cast, you may dare do all that may become a teacher.

At last!! The agony is ended just as all agonies must end. Straightway you depart, feeling as small as mortal can feel, but with this thought verified, that "Experience is a wise teacher" especially proficient in the art of practice-teaching.



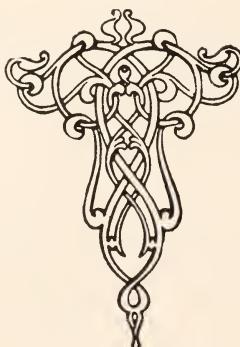


THE GAME AND THE GIRL.

Bessie went out to the game with me
Or rather I went with Bessie.
I made the raise in devious ways
But its worth something in these dreary days
To see how each men in the man'e game plays
And to sit by the side of Bessie.

Bessie's soft hair is aureate bright,
Golden brown in the cold sun light.
She's neat, petite and awfully sweet,
And I'd rather sit on a grand-stand seat
And cheer for the team—advance or retreat—
Than to be president or right.*

What care I if the little lass
Can't tell a punt from a forward pass.
The Fall's wine air makes the roses flare
In her warm, soft cheeks:—I wish I dare
To —! (Maybe I will when the signs are fair),
So here's to the game and the lass.





HALLOWEEN.

There is not another feeling
Like that on Halloween,
When, by glancing in a mirror
All our future may be seen.
Then, a ball of yarn will tell us
Things that long we've wished to know,
And a solitary apple
Reveals happiness or woe.



Then those Apish Jack—O—lanterns
With their ever ready smiles.
Tho but ordinary pumpkins
Assume a monarch's gorgeous styles,
E'en the old familiar objects
Catch the spirit of the night
And don a cloak of mystery,
Recognition taking flight.



Phantom figures, gliding slowly
Thro every little nook,
Give to each a creepy feeling
And a still more ghastly look.
But 'tis all so very different
From the usual merry scenes,
That we forget New Year and Christmas
And remember Halloween.

Editor's Note: The following are chosen from an exercise written by the Discourse Class, the problem being concealment.

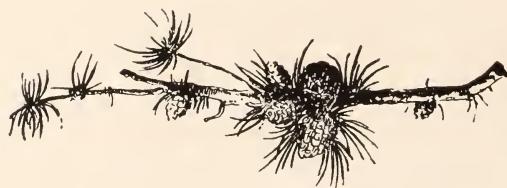
THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Mariana was heart-broken, she stayed in the darkened room and would not say a word for a whole day, which was rather an unusual proceeding, and seemed to dismay the whole family. Her mother came and went quietly about her work, while even her noisy brother tip-toed in and out at irregular intervals.

The sun had begun to set, the gloom thickened in her darkened room, and presently she began to feel the effects of her long fast, for she had not eaten a bite since the night before; so getting up, she languidly opened the shutters. After all, the world didn't look so very sad, she thought; but resurging thoughts would bring up the events of last night, and looking out at the sinking sun with blinded eyes she murmured brokenly, "He was so noble. Why did he leave as he did last night? I can almost feel his great brown eyes looking into mine, even yet; but he was a—a brute," she ended angrily, "to leave like he did." Then she formed the sudden resolution that she was not going to care anyway, so jumping up from her seat, in the firmness of her resolve, she began rapidly to dress. Then after putting on an extra layer of powder, to cover up the still vivid traces of sorrow, she descended the stairs abjectly endeavoring to hum a tune.

The whole family greeted her silently, intuitively feeling that this would be the best mode of treatment for one in her circumstances. The gloom and silence still pervaded the atmosphere after the family had eaten their supper. Mariana simply could not endure the brilliance of the drawing room, but was attracted there in spite of herself, for that was where she had seen him last.

As she sat with her face turned away from the open fire-place, her brother bounced into the room, with the amazing news, "Sis, he is here. I saw him coming around the corner." The whole family started towards the door, but Mariana was first, and with arms outstretched, she called, "Oh, Bobby, Bobby," and Bobby with his proud eyes looking with beseeching joyousness into her own, pattered up the steps, cheerfully barking out his greetings, for Bobby was a dog, and could only express himself in this manner.



AN EVERY-DAY TRAGEDY.

It was Saturday at noon and the restaurant was crowded with lunchers. At a small table in one corner there sat a fierce looking man, evidently a foreigner,— leisurely sipping his coffee. He seemed entirely unconscious of the hurry and rush going on about him. Having finished, he took from his pocket a cigarette and put it into his mouth. It was then that the awful tragedy occurred.

She, helpless and alone, was gazing at him from a table just opposite. With a yawn he got up and moved to the table where she was. Seating himself he grabbed her roughly and viciously struck her. Strange to say, she made no sound. Again he struck her, this time with redoubled force. Still not a murmur. Filled with rage, for the third time he gave her a blow, cruel and crushing. This time she gave a loud shriek as her head flew off.

No one seemed at all disturbed by this tragic incident — **She** was only a match.



THE LITTLE ADVENTURER.

Her mother had begged her not to leave her comfortable home yet. She was too young to brave the cold cruel world, to go out all alone; but the "Little Adventurer" was determined to work out her own fate. So she had left Mother and sisters and had entered into this strange new life. She had not dreamed it would be so hard. How cold and unsympathetic the world was. No one paid any attention to her. How lonely she was! Oh! to be back in her warm comfortable home! She was hungry and cold and tired. Her head was bowed low and her limbs were stiff; surely she would die on this cold snowy day. But help always comes to the brave-hearted, and had she not been brave to leave home and friends and face the unknown terrors of a strange world alone?

A dear Little Girl passing by, stopped and raised the Little Adventurer's drooping head, and severing her from all that bound her to the unhappy past, clasped the little flower in her warm hands, and kissing it murmured, "Dear Little Violet, the first of the season, I'm afraid you are freezing." And the Little Adventurer felt she had not bloomed in vain.



A LAMENT.

Latin, Oh what misery thou has caused me !

 Oh, what nights of mental vain !
When I vainly sought to win thee,—
 Oh, my weary weary brain !
Other tasks are hard to master,
 Other deeds are hard to do,
But of all life's trials and troubles
 None can be compared to you.

Delinquent 7th Termer.



THE TRIALS OF THE PRACTICE TEACHER

Teacher (in mental arithmetic)—If there were three peaches on the table, Vannie, and your little sister should eat one of them, how many would be left?

Vannie—How many little sisters would be left?

Teacher—Now listen, Vannie. If there were three peaches on the table, and your little sister should eat one, how many would be left?

Vannie—We ain't had a peach in the house this year, let alone three.

Teacher—We are only supposing the peaches to be on the table, Vannie.

Vannie—Then they wouldn't be real peaches?

Teacher—No.

Vannie—Would they be preserved?

Teacher—Certainly not.

Vannie—Pickled peaches?

Teacher—No, no. There wouldn't be any peaches at all, as I told you, Vannie; we only suppose the three peaches to be there.

Vannie—Then there wouldn't be any peaches, of course.

Teacher—Now, Vannie, put that knife into your pocket or I will take it away, and pay attention to what I am saying. We imagine three peaches to be on the table.

Vannie—Yes.

Teacher—And your little sister eats one of them and then goes away.

Vannie—Yes, but she wouldn't go away until she had finished the three. You don't know my little sister.

Teacher—But suppose your mother was there and wouldn't let her eat but one?

Vannie—Mother's out of town and won't be back until next week.

Teacher (sternly)—Now, then, Vannie, I will put the question once more, and if you do not answer it correctly I shall keep you after school. If three peaches were on the table, and your little sister were to eat one of them, how many would be left?

Vannie (straightening up)—There wouldn't be any peaches left. I'd grab the other two.

Teacher (touching the bell)—The pupils are now dismissed. Vannie Cook will remain where he is.



LITTLE LONESOME MARY.

Little lonesome Mary's come to Normal Hill to stay,
To study all her lessons, 'an' keep the boys away,
An' shoo the zeroes off her "slips", and study Latin
 an' rithmetik,
An' all such things as this and that, but never old
critique;
An' all us other girls, when the studdin hours is done,
We set around her table an' 'jes has the mostest
fun

A list'ning to the *boy* tales 'at Mary tells about,
An' the Pres-i-dent'll git us
 Ef we
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!

II.

Once there was a girl up here who al'ays put on
 "aires",
And every where she went, she got the mostest
 "stares".
The Matron told her to quit it, and all she did was
 bawl,
An' one day all the girls found out, she wasn't here
 at all!
An' they seeked her in the cloak-room, in the pantry,
 an' in the chest,
An' seeker her in the study-room, an' ever'wheres, I
 guess,
But all they ever found was just a sign of "You
 Look-out!"
For the Pres-i-dent'll git you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!

III.

And onc't there was a girl up here, who'd allus laugh
an' grin
An' make fun of ever'one until it was a sin;
An' onc't there was Faculty, and the teachers they
were there
She mocked 'em, an' made fun of 'em, an' said she
didn't care!
An' just as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run
an' hide,
They was two Big Teachers a-standin' by her side,
An' they took her to the judge, 'fore she know'd
what they's about
An' the Pres-i-dent he got her
Cause she
 Didn't
 Watch
 Out!

IV.

Little lonesome Mary says, that when the blaze is
blue
An' all the lights sputter, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
An' you hear the watchman walking, an' the moon
is gray,
An' the senses in your brain is all gone away,
You better mind der Matron, an' yer teachers fond
an' dear,
An' cherish them it loves you, an' dry the lone-
some's tear,
An' keep out of mischief which clusters all about,
Er the Pres-i-dent'll git you
Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!



PASSING !

Mr. Heckert tells us, class, that we are weak, unable to do the Seventh term work. But when shall we be ready? Will it be the next term, or the term after that?

Shall we make a term by lack of determination and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by waiting until the marks are read, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our teachers shall have bound us hand and foot?

Class, we are *not* weak if we make the proper use of those facts which we have already learned. Hundreds of people, working for the same end, and in such a school as this, are undismayed by any subjects which the faculty may prescribe for them.

Besides, Class, we shall not fight this battle alone. For there is a *just* President, who aids in our destinies and will be a friend to help us in this battle. Passing, Class, will not be to the strong alone, but to those of us who are most watchful, the daring, the brave. Besides, Class, we have no choice. If we were base enough to desire to change our grades, 'tis now too late! The marks are in!

There is no getting through, but in submission and work. Our grades are in. Their discussion may be heard over the Normal plains. Their reading is inevitable, and let it come—I repeat it, Class—let it come. It is useless to discuss the matter. Students may cry—Justice! Justice! But there is *no* justice—the marks are in.

The next voice that is heard in the Auditorium will bring to our ears the dreadful news. Why sit you here idle? What do you wish? What would you have? Is a diploma so dear, or passing so important, as to be bought at the price of worry and distress?

Mob the President! Drive out the Faculty! I know not what course you may take, but as for me. Give me a pass-mark, or I'll lead the mob!

THE DEATH OF THE PONIES.

“I’d like to see the Senior Term,”
Our J. B. said one day
So in we went to Winstead’s room,
To see what he would say.

“There is a certain kind of horse,
That many of you ride,
And when a certain lesson’s done,
This horse is put aside.”

“I have no horse, nor any mule,
That I have ever seen.”
These were the words of everyone
Whatever could he mean?

“To-morrow morn into this room,
Those horses you must bring,
And I’ll not quiz you in the least,
Nor say a single thing.”

At last the meaning dawned upon us,
He meant the Latin horse!
Oh, woe are you and woe is me,
We’re filled with great remorse.

Then in a chair in Winstead’s room,
We piled our ponies dear.
Their race is run; my story’s done,
The saddest of the year.



JOKES.

Did He Sign It?

Town Girl—Mr. Aswell, will you please sign my excuse?

J. B.—Is it a good one?

Town Girl—Er—Yes Sir, it's the best one I could think of.

“Oh, give me a ‘man’. Please do,” begged Sarah as Mr. Coolidge was assigned topics to be written upon.

A New Translation.

Mr. Winstead (In Latin)—Emittet mora ad historiam to die,
egessi hi illegit a licendi.

Tom Winfield (translating)—Emmet Moore missed his History today. I guess he will get a licking.

Outside of the Normal Bertha is considered *stylish*. J. B. says she is “*stilish*”.

Querry.

If that which manufactures ice is called an ice plant, is the hen that lays an egg called an *egg plant*?

Mr. South—Why was the *petit* jury so named?

Annie S.—Because it was especially *petted* by the King.





THE BELLS.

Hear the mellow dinner Bells,
Iron Bells!
What a world of rice and beans their harmony
foretells,
Through the balmy evening night
Or the happy noontime bright,
For the molten iron notes,
From all around,
What a feeling floats
To the hungry girl that listens, while she gloats
On the sound.

II.

Hear the little electric bells,
Class bells!
What a world of ignorance their jingling
dispels.
When their sounds the students greet,
How they rush upon their feet!
Too much overjoyed to wait.
See how they all make straight;
For the door!

III.

Hear the ringing of the bells,
Light bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels,
At ten o'clock at night.
How we shiver with a fright,
At the melancholy menace, and our fears
For every sound that floats
From the rust within the throats
Tells "The Matron's near."



My Dear Santa Claus:

I am a little girl just— Now, Santy, I'm not going to tell you how old I am for fear that some one might get this letter and then they'll know my age when I get to be a teacher.

Now please, Santy, won't you bring all these things I ask for? I've been oh so good! First, just *passes* and *passes* and *passes*, so that you will have six for every student in the Normal. That would be the nicest thing you could bring.

And listen, dear Santy, the Eighth termers need a whole lot of devices and "Natitudes" and plans—whatever they are—I guess you know—for they have such hard times getting them, and bring the same to the Seventh Termers. They seem to need them, too.

And there is the Sixth Term—Don't forget them. Bring them an "Easy Road to Physics" and some "Jacks" so they won't have such a time in Latin.

And look, Santy, I know the Fifth Termers would like some of those little things in Geometry Poly—something that I hear them talking about making. Just a few designs will satisfy those over-worked members of the Fourth Term. You'll know the kind, maybe, I don't.

And Specimens for the Third Term—Oh, dear me, I don't know of what—just specimens to work with, so they wont have to hunt everywhere for them.

The Second Termers will ask nothing more if you'll only bring them, health, wealth and happiness.

Poor little First Termers! Santa, if you only knew what a hard time the teachers have finding something to amuse them, I know you'd bring them plenty of dolls, rubber balls and perhaps you could spare a few rattles.



Bring the Literary Societies new enthusiasm and a whole lot of new members.

Oh, Santa, how you would delight all of us if you'd bring J. B. a conscience with stretches in it so he can't smell cooking fudge and won't mind if he does.

Bring Mrs. Hawkins a guide book so she won't happen in at the wrong rooms.

But, Oh, it's so sad! Santa, the girls have taken all Mr. Pickles test tubes for hair pin holders. So can't you find him some more?

Mr. Williamson would like some pretty flowers, *prettier* than his; Miss Morris, a tin soldier that looks "natty and cute"; Mrs. McVoy, a copy of St. Elmo; Miss Knott, an automobile to ride to school in; Miss Rocheford, a new memory so that she won't forget she didn't like hard lessons; Miss Swift, Miss Varnado, and Miss Newell, some new yellow hair ribbon.

Santa, haven't you a few pieces of popular music for Misses Kyle, Leffler and Alfonse? Say "Carbolic Acid."

Maybe, too, if Mr. Coolidge had a new football he wouldn't have such a hard time getting the boys to practice.

And Oh, Mr. Santy, if you have any pity at all you'll surely bring Mr. Winstead something for his boils on his neck.

Today, I found out that Miss Phillips is very fond of Christy pictures. So can't you get her just a small one somewhere?

Mr. South wants a little book. I think the name of it is "Smiles."

Bring Mr. Heckert and the Critic teachers a new supply of patience in dealing with the practice teachers.

Now, Santy, if you'll bring all these few little things I'll always be
Your loving little

Jinnie,
Good-Bye.



THE PANGS OF MISLED GENIUS.

In the twilight's cheerless shadow
I wander thro' the dark hall ways
A dejected apparition
In a soporific daze.

Passers stop and look and pity,
Some with scorn stalk proudly by,
While I seek in vain to vanish
From the gaze of mortal eye.

And they wonder, as they see me,
What sad fate has made me thus,
For my gentle sex denies me
The manly right to cuss.

Gentle reader, if I tell you
The sad story of my woe,
For the sake of what I have been
You'll be merciful I know.

I was once a common student,
Self-respecting like the rest,
Plied my books and got my lessons
My one failing all unguessed.

'Till Ambition's poisoned cactus
Subtly bloomed within my brain,
And the calm of my contentment
Was upset by shapes insane.

For notion grew within me
I was not of common stuff,
But a literary genius,
And a diamond in the rough.

So I had myself elected
To the literary ward
Of that hospital of genius
They call the Potpourri board.

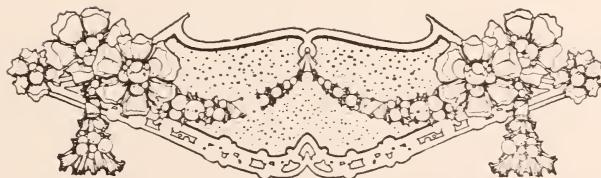
Gentle reader, pray be patient,
Kindly turn your head away
While I irrigate my feelings
With the tears I cannot stay.

For I've seen a person wasted,
I have seen a foot-ball game,
But the pangs of misled genius
Put such petty things to shame.

For to me, those minor troubles
Just simply are not "in it"
With the throes of Budding Genius
Who must write, but can't begin it.

But emotion now doth choke me,
So this sorry tale must close,
For the lachrymal secretions
Are a dripping off my nose.

Now, ere we part, my simple tale
This moral doth afford:
"If you would keep away from grief,
Keep off the Potpourri Board."



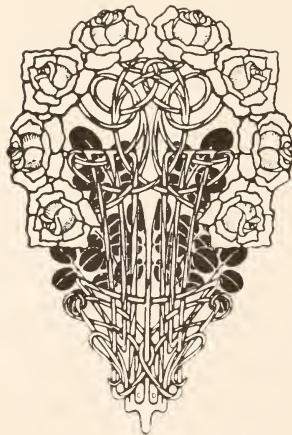
PERSEVERE !

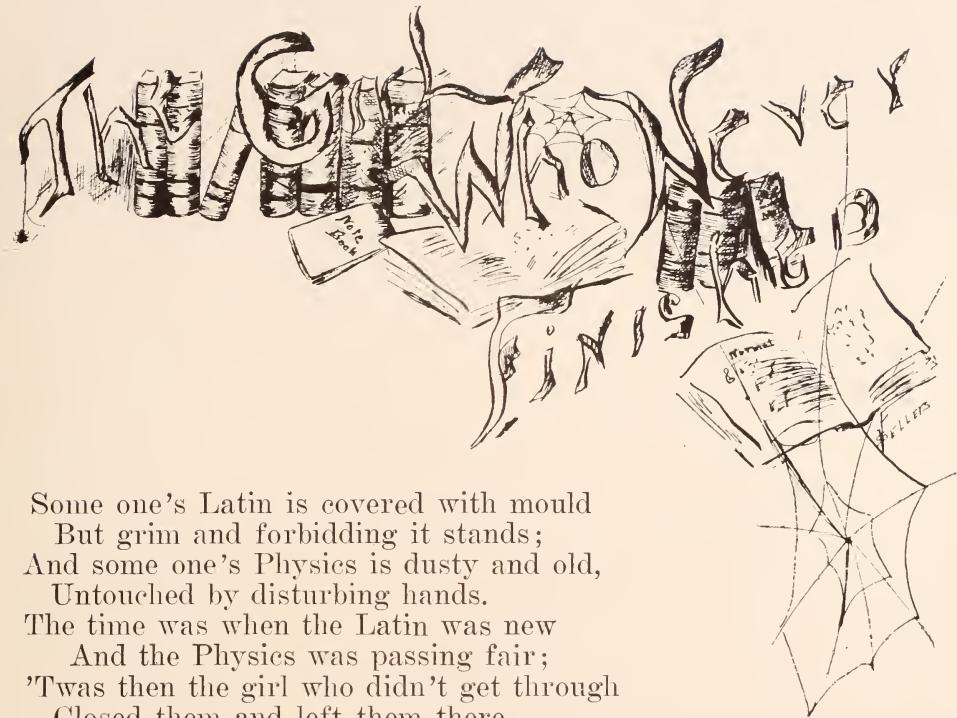
Courage, students! do not stumble,
Though the path be dark as night,
There's a star to guide the humble;
Trust your teachers, do the right.

Though the road be long and dreary,
And the end be out of sight,
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
Trust your teacher, do the right.

Perish policy and cunning;
Perish all that fears the light,
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust your teacher, do the right.

Shun all forms of lazy passion,
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Heed no customs, fun or fashion,
Trust your teacher, do the right.





Some one's Latin is covered with mould
But grim and forbidding it stands;
And some one's Physics is dusty and old,
Untouched by disturbing hands.
The time was when the Latin was new
And the Physics was passing fair;
'Twas then the girl who didn't get through
Closed them and left them there.

Since then the seasons have gone their round,
Unmindful of pleasure and pain,
And the campus still echoes the same old sound,
With the same familiar refrain.
New classes have gone to fields beyond,
That commencement day opens to view,
But there's none to recall with a memory fond
The girl who didn't get through.

Yet stolid as ever the old books stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a patient hand,
The sight of a patient face.
And they wonder as waiting the long years through
There in that dusty row
What has become of the one they knew
Since she closed them and left them so.



Is it worth while to spend day after day
Battling and toiling and striving?
Do we not miss some of earth's bliss
By spending our days in contriving?

Do we not lose as onward we go,
Attempting and failing and sorrowing,
Faith in all things, in the joy life brings
Of earth's sad experience borrowing?

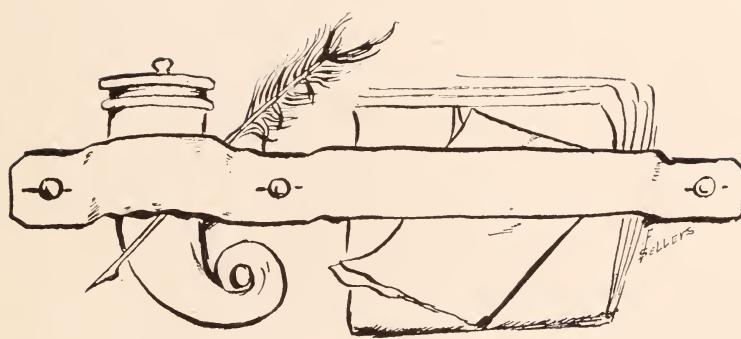
Are we nearing our goal as we struggle on,
Stumbling, yet onward progressing?
Is there profit at all in failure or fall?
Is not life's work only guessing?

Nay, Life is a pathway we travel a while,
Rocky and oftentimes barren,
Amid the great throng, so restless and strong.
We pass, one another's loads sharing.

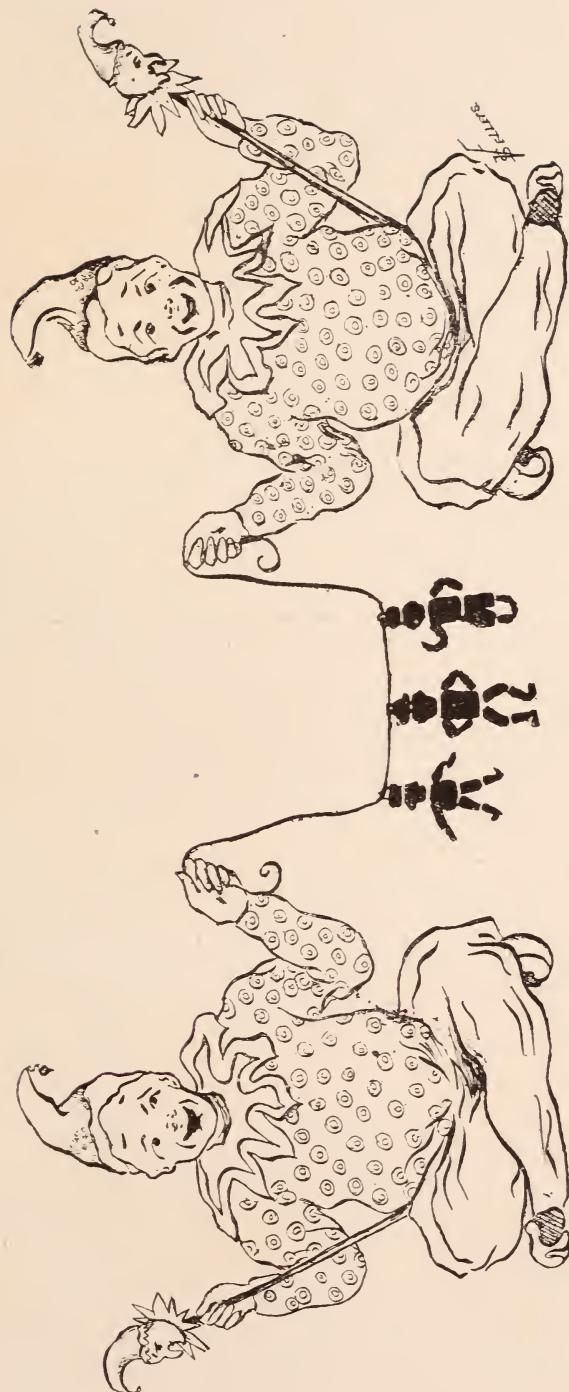
Crushed to the earth in despondency's gloom,
Tho' we lie disappointed and weary,
Hope comes at last, we forget the sad past
And the path we have trod, dark and dreary.

Then, tho' with like difficulties our way is beset,
We care not for dangers impending.
We e'en find an aid, in the wrong steps we made
As onward our way we are wending.

Onward! Still onward! day after day
In mankind and a creator believing,
To ourselves being true, let us dare ever to do
The things that make life worth living.



Hanuman
Chalisa



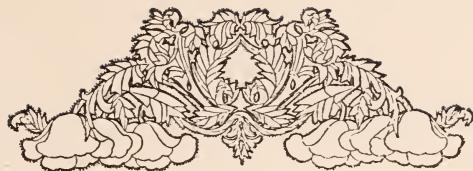
Why is

Lise White?
Emmie Black?
Alex Green?
Lillian Knott?
Alma Sharp?
Jily Wise?
Jenny May Brown?
Margaret Keene?
Mary Swift?
Pearl Folse?
Daisy Strong?
Lucy Sevier?

What Makes

Helen a Roach?
Lloyd a Porter?
Earl a Cook?
Bessie a Pickle?
Ada a Clock?
Cora a Carr?
Mary a King?
Vivian a Foote?
Louise a Lemon?
Agnes a Field?
Nettie a Bird?
Ruby a Stahl?
Ernestine a Spear?
Lucile a Berry?
Anna a Butler?





ADVICE TO NEW GIRLS.

Don't think you're *it* when a teacher calls you "Miss."

Don't get the swell head when the girls call you "new". They don't mean young. They do mean fresh, green, just your debut at the Normal.

Don't try to *know* anything, just act surprised at everything you hear.

If J. B. calls you by your first name, don't think he is familiar. He has forgotten your last name.

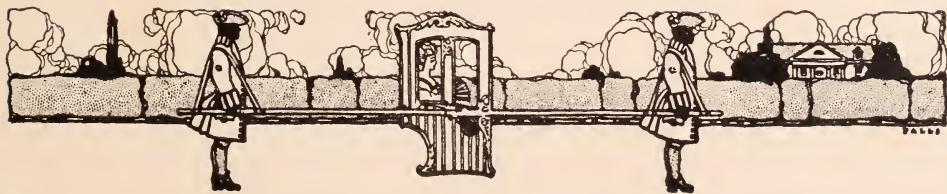
Always bring a pair of high top shoes.

When the bath room doors are locked, don't climb through the window.

Always get to your meals in time for the blessing, (the girl that gets there first is served first).

Never eat little fishes for lunch.

If Mr. Winstead winks at you, remember he's married.





NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS OF '09.

Resolved: That I will save enough money to buy me a wig.
—G. D. Pickles.

Resolved: That we will cultivate new walks.
—Madge Sentell and Clarissa Smith.

Resolved: To go to Mexico to live.
—“Fatty” Caldwell.

Resolved: To curl our hair every night that it may appear naturally curly.
—DeMarit Hawkings, Bessie Gibbs, Nonie Rains, L. V. Dixon.

Resolved: To try “Hudnot’s Beautifier” as a last resort for beauty.
—Maude Kent and “Maggia J.” Caldwell.

Resolved: To give up the “Chaze.”
—Dot McGowen.

Resolved: To never ride in a trap again.
Helen Chanvin.

Resolved: To buy a growing machine in partnership.
—Roslyn, Tucker and Vivian.

Resolved: To cut out “Tut-tut” and “Precisely” entirely.
—“Heck.”

Resolved: To give the girls bean soup, for a change (?).
—Mrs. Hawkins.

Resolved: That “It is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.”
—Myrtie Pecou, Clara Stuart.

Resolved: Of all the Liniments I have used, Sloan’s horse liniment does me most good.”
—Cora Carr.

Resolved: To have my hair cut on the first of every quarter.
—“Latin” Winstead.

Resolved: To cultivate a new grin.
— Bess. Fleming.

Resolved: To room in the same room for one month.
—Vash Robertson.





SAYINGS OF THE GREAT AND NEAR GREAT.

“My Goodness, No!”.....	Mr. Heckert.
“I <i>insist</i> upon it.....	Mr. Winstead.
“My Goodness Alive” (mumbled).....	Mr. Winstead.
“Kindly, take the board”.....	Mr. Winstead.
“See that, eh?”.....	Mr. Pickles.
“Use your pointer, please”.....	Miss Roachford.
“It’s simply <i>atrocious</i> ”.....	Miss Newell.
“I had the very great pleasure”.....	Miss Newell.
“So infinitesimally small”.....	Mr. Williamson.
“You can’t do two things at once”.....	Mr. South.
“I repeat it”.....	Mr. Coolidge.
“Precisely! That’s the idea!”.....	Mr. Heckert.
“I have some announcements to make”.....	Mr. Aswell.
“Bah! Sit down, boy”.....	Mrs. McVoy.
“Yes, ‘bot’ you might use some ‘carbon’ paper.”.....	Miss Swift.
“That’s nothing, <i>all</i> the bachelors love me”.....	Miss Morris.
“Why-eh—”	Mr. Gardia.



CAN YOU IMAGINE

Mr. Pickles parting his hair in the middle?
Miss Lewis getting married?
Lucile Corbin without pink cheeks?
Trezavent getting up courage enough to talk?
Fannie Blackman not going to church on Sunday night?
Mary Caldwell succeeding in getting a freckle cream to remove her freckles?
Helen Chanvin, Lottie V. Dixon and Bess Fleming getting to breakfast on time?
Cora Carr walking pigeon toed?
"Heck" illustrating anything without "Jonny"?
Bess Fleming losing that smile?
Mr. Williamson telling a joke that has a point to it?
Nonie Rains not curling her hair at night?
Elve Moore as a missionary to China?
Mr. Heckert illustrating a point without using "Jonnie"?
A failure to have meat stew for dinner?
Louise Moise blushing?
Alma Sharp beating a cat?
Mary Pirie knowing her Latin?
Lunch without crackers?
Miss Tauzin meaning everything she says?
Miss Swift in a hurry?
Getting a hot biscuit when wanted?
Mary Morgan working Chemistry problems?
Having rocking chairs in the club?
Making fudge on a radiator?
Mr. South reading Hiawatha?
Ines Newland being sad?
Miss Kyle giving away South American oranges?
Mr. Williamson doctoring a tree with calomal?
Mr. Coolidge not repeating?
Mrs. McVoy forgetting when to "slt."
Heckert forgetting the words "Lee here"?'
Mr. Aswell and Mrs. Keane walking under the same umbrella?



Why

We always seem so innocent
When teachers pass our way
Not 'cause we are on study bent,
But 'cause we need that "a".

Freshie (giving a telegram to the Janitor—"Please get this off on the very next train.")

Back to the Long Ago.

Miss Bowden—What did man first eat?
Seventh Termer—An apple.

Can You See Why?

Olive in after school Latin class, hearing the dinner bell ring, hastily wrote on her 'exam.' paper:

"Verbs of removal, privation, and starvation take the ablative."

Mrs. McVoy—Who was Noah?
Barbara—Husband of Joan of Arc.

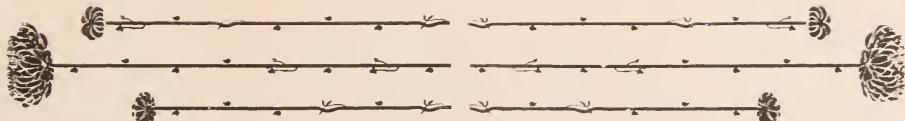
Honest Confession.

Mr. Winstead (ditating)—"Slave, where is thy horse?"
Startled Girl—in my desk, sir, but I wasn't using it!

Model Child—"Yes La Salle traveled further but he didn't go as far."

Notice.

Found—A little grey matter supposed to have once been the common property of the Sixth Term. They may have same by applying to—Books.



Derivation.

Mr. Pickles—What does ion mean?

Mary M.—Wandering.

Mr. Pickles—Good! Now what does cation mean?

Mary—A runaway cat.

Breathes there a boy with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
This is the age when teachers reign
And give their subjects inward pain?

She Knew.

Mr. Williamson—Mazie, what makes the stem of a plant hollow?

Mazie—Well, you see the plant grows so fast and the sun draws it toward the outside so it leaves a hole in the middle.

“Come up, Lightfoot,” quoted Mrs. McVoy as the Fifth Term girls passed up stairs.

Bero stood on the register
Gazing at Mamie the while.
J. B. Called, but he did not hear,
Because he liked sweet Mamie’s smile.

Mr. Pickles (in Psychology)—“How do you *know* that Myrtie has feelings”?

Heart-broken Lover (desparately to himself)—She hasn’t any!
She hasn’t!!

?

The Fifth Term *girls* are jolly and sweet;
The Fifth Term *teachers* are modest and neat;
The Fifth Term *boys*, you’ll ever find,
Believe in training the heart and mind.
The fun in the Fifth Term doesn’t grow stale,
But even bubbles over like home-made ale.

New Pupil—Why did Mrs. McVoy put “L. C. M.” on my excuse?
Old Pupil—Oh, that stands for Least Common Multiple.

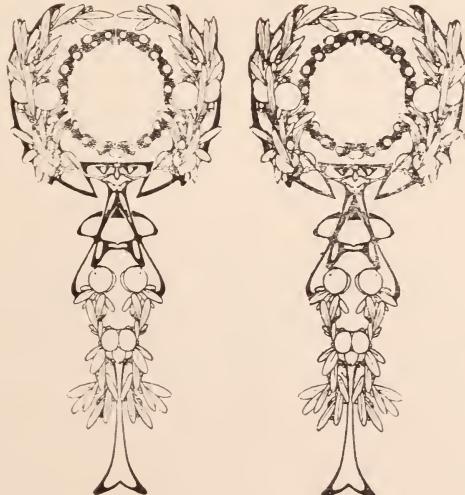




FACULTY FACTS.

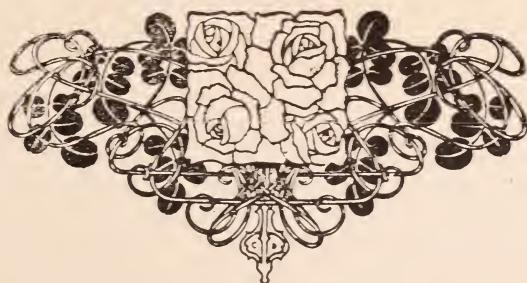
The hustler.....	Miss Swift.
The sourest.....	Mr. Pickles.
The most complex.....	Miss Knott.
The one nearest the torrid zone.....	Mr. South.
The one nearest the frigid zone.....	Mr. Coolidge.
The freshest.....	Miss Newell.
The most popular.....	Mr. Winstead.

The lightening bug is a brilliant thing,
But hasn't any mind,
He goes blundering through the world,
With his head light on behind.





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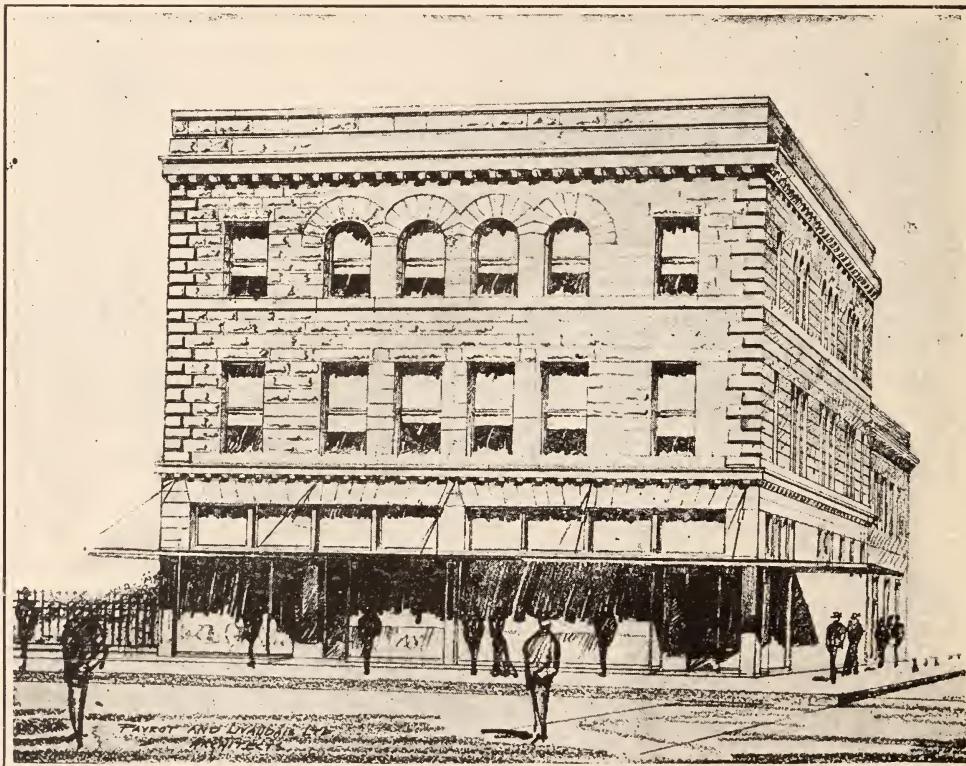
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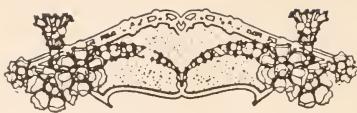


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M. LEIBER,

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A Revalation.

This portion of a Fifth Term examination paper was read to us by Miss Newell: "Sir Walter Scott, the first poet, was one of the greatest productions of the nineteenth century."

M. C. (after having fried fish for lunch, stewed fish for dinner and fish balls for breakfast—"Thank goodness, tadpoles are not eatable; they would be froze before we got rid of them here.")

Dining Hall Waiter, carrying of a dish of fish apparently untouched—"Umph! fish ain't bitin' today."

West Hall Girl (to girl combing her hair)—"I thought you had more hair than that."

Model Hall Girl—I have. There's some on my dressing table, some on the shelf, and still more in my trunk."

Good Latin.

Junior (reciting)—

Nom—qui—que—quid
Gen—quib—er—quorum—er—qui
Dat—qui—er—er.

(Winstead prompting)—Quit—quit—quit.

Mrs. Hawkins—"Lights Out, Girls!"

Chorus—"It's out!"

Mrs. Hawkins—"But I can see it plainly! Put it out instantly!"

Ada—"For goodness sake! Jennie May, put your head under the pillow until Mrs. Hawkins leaves."

Alma Sharp (excitedly)—Why, Mr. Moore, here's a long brown hair on your coat.

Mr. Moore (calmly)—Well, how could you expect me to escape among four hundred girls?







alma

CG HRC coda

